

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The report of the Commission on the Ottawa Separate schools does not disclose such a very alarming state of affairs as some of us were led to expect. There are those who would have us believe that the Roman Catholics demand Separate schools in order to train their children in stupidity and withdraw them from any possible contact with enlightenment. The Commission, however, confines itself to recommending changes in methods here and there, a reduction in the number of text books, and with the one exception of the teaching of English to French children does not seem to suspect that ignorance is anywhere set up as the standard to be aimed at. The Sisters are very highly praised as teachers, their methods endorsed, their faithfulness and their example commended. The Christian Brothers, however, are declared to be behind the times, possessing no knowledge of modern methods, so that the boys in the schools are slower than the girls in every department. It may be urged by some, and there exists no means of refuting it, that the Christian Brothers in adhering to old methods and in failing to impart to the boys anything beyond a superficial acquaintance with the simple principles of arithmetic, reading and writing, are carrying out a definite policy of the Church. It has long been charged against Rome that it regards the education of the masses as a danger to be guarded against—as a menace to the faith and to the supremacy of the clergy—but when we come to consider the report of this Commission, which I have read from first to last, fairness compels one to conclude that these schools have lagged behind through natural causes. In these schools parental opinion does not daily assert itself as in the public schools, nor has the law prescribed a hard and fast method of tuition and a specific and uniform list of text-books. Without uniform control, inspection, teachers' conventions and the whole system whereby satisfactory results are obtained, a large percentage of our Public schools would quickly drift away and loiter on the edge of the current. It must be expected that if a teacher is left pretty much to himself he will put the greater part of his energy into advancing the study most congenial to himself. One teacher has arithmetic for a hobby, another geography, a third grammar, so it will be seen that a strong outside influence is required to keep a school, whether Separate or National, from developing in one direction at the expense of others. The Ottawa schools appear to have floated a bit, having no general guiding influence determined to enforce a uniformity of method and result. Various text-books were used at the whim of various tutors, and amidst this disorganization, if the capacity of the instructors is impugned their zeal is proven.

however, be regarded by the Minister of Education as a breach of faith, for it is nothing less. Certain rights have been guaranteed the French Catholic minority in this province, and on their part certain undertakings have been made in return. The continued failure to teach English in these schools must eventually reopen the whole question of rights and privileges; if, given a free hand, these schools will not be just to the English language, then the Government must interpose and place an English master on the staff of every large school at the expense of the section and enact that the teacher of a small school must qualify in English before the Department, and the pupils undergo special examinations.

To say, as recently has been said, that the

of the continent and not be forced to depend for an interpretation of our attitude towards them, upon the politicians, priests and papers who thrive upon misunderstandings of their own creation.

It is to be hoped that Sir Charles Rivers Wilson will make good use of the month that he is spending in Canada. If he only succeeds in reaching the conclusion that the proper duty of the President of the Grand Trunk is to manage the English shareholders of the company, while the duty of the manager is to manage the road, he will have demonstrated in short order that he is the right man in the right place. There is, however, something ominous, something almost if not quite depressing in his rather dazed remark that he

man of the Grand Trunk. This important and painstaking duty performed, he should come to Toronto in his private car to argue with Toronto and Hamilton employees as to whether their salaries should be reduced. While here he should see that the clock at the Union Station is neither slow nor fast, and attend to any other such delicate and important duties as mere General Managers, Superintendents of Divisions and baggagemen are incompetent to grapple with. And then he should go home.

Of course if Sir Charles has ideas of his own he may occupy himself very differently while here. He may see fit to study the vast problem that confronts him, rather than "do what Sir Henry used to do." He may deem it wise to remove the shackles from the hands and feet

necessarily desire in Canada that the Grand Trunk should become so patriotic an institution as to touch the national exchequer for an occasional hundred-thousand-dollar subsidy, yet its freight rates should not give our shippers the worst of it, and all its cheap excursions should not run out of Canada and none into it. In Muskoka it possesses the summer resort of the continent, and an enterprising railroad would have made it famous and fashionable long ago and every summer season would have yielded a money harvest. A harvest cannot be had without a seedtime.

The massacre of missionaries in China has given rise to a very general discussion as to the wisdom of sending these people to the Orient and maintaining them there. Without taking sides in a discussion that must be profitless unless those engaged in it are possessed of sure information, it may yet be safe to say that an investigation of the whole matter would not be out of place. So far we have been forced to depend upon the reports of the missionaries themselves, who when they come back for a visit are treated as heroes and heroines, and the presenting of a candid business-like report is made impossible. That those who depart for the foreign field go forth with enthusiasm to reconstruct the heathen world, we cannot doubt. But it is charged that they soon find out how impossible it is to spread Christianity in China, and how easy it is, in that cheap country, to live lives of luxury on the stipends paid by mission boards, and so they settle down as foreign nabobs, and in writing home admit nothing that will tend to reduce the mission funds. This is the charge, that the missionaries themselves are aware of the futility of the missions; not only so, but that they, for comfort's sake, hold themselves superior to native laws and under protection of the consulates, thereby embarrassing the interests of politics and trade. A gentleman from China passed through the city this week and in an interview stated that he would like to see the missionaries withdrawn from China, as, in his opinion, they are doing harm rather than good. The admiral of the British squadron in Chinese waters is almost violent in his expression of the same opinion. Writers in the secular papers who profess a knowledge of the subject, strongly maintain that no Chinaman has yet been converted, unless under constraint of some worldly consideration such as a monthly allowance-free lodging or a term of schooling, and that the new life only lasts in these cases while benefit is accruing. That the presence of missionaries embarrasses the interests of diplomacy and trade will probably be admitted all around. That their practices are needlessly offensive to the natives and tactless to a degree, is asserted. The almost unanimous declaration of the English-speaking tradesmen living in China that the maintenance of the missions is an imposition upon the Christian world, should serve to bring about an investigation. A commission composed of laymen, men of business, men of worth and consequence, should be sent out to report upon the work. It should be organized, managed and moneyed by laymen, for laymen financially support the whole fabric at home and abroad and should examine all acts of witnesses, not missionaries only; they should view the field openly, not through peepholes to which they might be conducted blindfolded.



A GLIMPSE AT FOLKESTONE.

The recommendations made by the Commission should be carried out and the list of text-books drawn up should be accepted. When a boy graduates from the fifth form in a Public school he is prepared to take a business situation and is equipped for a successful career in any line outside the professions. A boy graduating from the same form in a Separate school should be equally well prepared for success in life, and if not, these sectarian schools are bound sooner or later to lose the confidence of those who maintain them at heavy cost. The Roman Catholics of Ontario will not be content to give their sons a school bag so meagre that they must always be burden-bearers to their better schooled Protestant contemporaries. A boy of sixteen on going into the world, if he cannot write a good hand, figure accurately, help to handle a set of books or tell a three months' note from a sight draft, is debared from some of the best openings in life and must go straight to the bench or the mortar bed. In his prime of life he will find himself taking instructions from some strapping fresh out of public school who through his training has stepped into the office and the confidence of an architect or a contractor. This sort of thing is not imaginary. I have heard shrewd Roman Catholics speak of it with feeling.

If, then, the failure of the Separate schools to fit youthful Roman Catholics for success in life is due to lack of method in teaching, as the report of the Commission would seem to indicate, it is to be hoped that a thorough overhauling will take place. The failure to teach English adequately in these schools must,

French must abandon their language in so far as it is anything more than an accomplishment, is going too far. This is more than English-speaking Canada demands. French is the language of the hearth in Quebec and in parts of Ontario, and therefore it must be the medium through which all studies, including that of English, must be taken up. But what we do desire and must insist upon is that everywhere outside of Quebec the study of English must proceed alongside that of reading, writing and arithmetic. We claim nothing because of the issue of a certain battle away back in the history of this country when it was all a wilderness. That book is closed. But in our community we insist that the French settler shall allow his sons to acquire English, so that in the course of a generation our children may be able to trade horses without the use of an interpreter. In Lower Canada we will trade horses in French if he will have it so. We desire that the people of this country shall know each other better—that the people of Lower Canada shall understand the language

has come here "to do what Sir Henry Tyler used to do." If, as his somewhat incoherent explanation of his presence would seem to indicate, he is at a loss how to conform to the example of his predecessor, I might as well give him a few pointers as to what is expected of him. Sir Charles should come to Canada a short time prior to each annual meeting of the Grand Trunk shareholders in order to discharge three section-men, a switchman and a telegraph operator, of whose delinquencies he will have received copious written and cabled information at his London office. This will enable him to report to the shareholders, on his return, that the operating cost of the road has been reduced to the lowest possible figure compatible with economy, and that all slothful and unprofitable servants have been weeded out. He should also make a careful tour of the property at Montreal to see that the rolling stock is rolling and that the roundhouses are around, incidentally impressing upon everyone the fact that the General Manager is by no manner of means the head

of a General Manager who, howsoever free for action, would be no match for the greatest railroad man in America in full control of the rival system, but who, hampered, weighted and hedged about with interferences from London, is completely at the mercy of this overshadowing adversary. When the General Managers of the rival roads pick up a new wrinkle in railroading, the C.P.R. can apply it in a month; it takes the Grand Trunk manager ten years to impress it upon his superiors. Where this line has no opposition the service is abominable—there are passenger cars in Ontario such as cannot be paralleled in America for discomfort and discourtesy. When a passenger gets aboard he is not a guest, but a convict, forced to crouch in his wooden seat beneath the quarrelsome eye of a brakeman, his keeper. Sir Charles might ascertain if it is possible to place his road in an attitude of sympathy with the country. If possible, let him perceive that prosperity must be mutual and that in serving itself too carefully it injures itself. We do not

The charges made against the Chinese missions by the British admiral and others are lent a semblance of color by the unseemly wrangle in the Methodist-Japanese mission. In the discussion it was made pretty plain that these workers in the foreign field lived in a luxury that they could scarcely hope to enjoy in Canada, and very little soul-saving seemed to enter into the routine of their lives. Out of their own mouths they proved themselves holders of cold business situations—cash, salary, work, the burdens of their song. One was charged with too close an attention to a remunerative medical practice to do any missionary work; and this one made counter charges quite as unexpected and out of rhyme with the missionary ideas entertained at this end of the system. What is the matter? Would it not be well to examine the outlet of that capacious funnel into which so much money is being poured?

About twice a year the cry goes forth that

the Dominion Government by private sale is surrendering to Americans the islands of the St. Lawrence. A Montreal paper says that Canada is being sold by private treaty, and points out as an additional cause for alarm that a number of French gentlemen are at the present time examining the island of Anticosti with a view to its purchase. I confess that I am unable to share in the anger of many people over this practice of selling parts of Canada to Americans or Frenchmen. Anticosti, if sold, will not be removed to France nor will it belong to France. It will still ride at anchor in its old place amidst the water, and its political standing will not be altered. Private parties will ultimately buy up Vancouver Island, that is, every farm will be owned and every town lot, yet it will still be "owned" by Canada, in the only sense that a nation desires to own land. If a little island in the St. Lawrence is sold to a Canadian no fault is found, so why protest if one is sold to an American, since only private rights go with the sale and the bit of land remains Canadian territory? Instead of losing the land we gain a wealthy summer citizen. The case is identical with that of the American who comes in, buys land and builds a summer residence in Muskoka or in any other of our pleasure resorts. Our boundary lines do not budge an inch. MACK.

Money Matters.

The question of beet sugar production in Ontario is to be taken up and thoroughly discussed. A public meeting has been called for the purpose, to be held in Whitby, and I understand that a German manufacturer of beet sugar is to be present. There is no doubt in my mind that a profitable business on a large scale can be built up in Ontario if beet sugar production is entered upon in the proper way. Our soil will produce the sugar beet, and we should have the capital and intelligence in this country to turn it into the manufactured article. The proper course to pursue is to point out to the farmers in the district selected for primary operations, the profit there is in raising the sugar beet. Then petition the Provincial Government to grant a bounty, in addition to the discriminatory aid granted by the Dominion Government. There is ample precedent for this course. The French, German and Austrian Governments all grant large bounties on all exports of beet sugar, and recently the German Reichstag voted the maintenance of the existing export bounties until July 31, 1897. The whole country would profit by the establishment of a successful beet sugar industry, and the farmer not the least.

I notice that Mr. Edwards, M.P., has made a beginning in the work of producing acetylene. He proposes to supply Toronto and Montreal with acetylene at 50c. per thousand feet. If the quality of this light is good there is no doubt in my mind that the light companies will be affected seriously. It will not be necessary to ask for any franchise or any other civic favor. The householder owns and controls his own gas supply, and if it is good and cheap it will supplant other illuminants in a marked degree. I should say that there is risk in buying any of the light stocks until the merits of this new illuminant are fully demonstrated. Commercial Cable stock holds steady around 164. I advise purchases of this stock anywhere under 165. I am convinced that it will show excellent profits later on.

Toronto Railway should be a purchase for fair profits on any decline. If it went down say to 81 or around there I should say that it would be profitable to buy. Montreal Street Railway has gone about as I predicted some weeks ago. When it was selling at 200 I stated that it would be only a short time before it reached a higher figure than ever. The previous highest figure was 211, but in the past week it has sold at 212. I advise investors to hold their stock. I do not know of any undoubted 4 per cent. bond or debenture that sells relatively as low. This stock is now being classed with such gilt-edged securities and it will, in my opinion, fluctuate with such securities according to the position of the money market.

As the situation appears to be favorable for an active fall trade I would not be surprised to see the bank stocks do better.

The stocks of Western Assurance Co. and British America Co. have made advances in the past ten days. I should not be surprised if they went up more. ESAT.

Social and Personal.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith did not visit Newport this month, as I was erroneously informed. Their absence from Toronto was only a short trip to Buffalo, and Thursdays at the Grange are now, as always, the most delightful of the waning summer's gatherings. The beautiful old home, with spacious tennis lawns and graceful old trees, is an oasis in a wilderness of commonplace streets and houses, and there privileged ones are happy to come and sorry to leave their adieux.

The man with the wife out of town is at his usual summer doings, entertaining those he most cherishes among his men and women friends to afternoon teas and small and sometimes rather scramble dinners.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty returned from the island this week. I hear that Mr. Beatty and a couple of other cyclists are thinking of a holiday trip to Montreal on their wheels. Next month will probably see a good many such trips, as the present cold snap will doubtless herald a fine September.

Mrs. Hamilton and family, of Rosedale, are summering in Muskoka.

Rossmoyne, Miss Turner's pretty summer home in Muskoka, where the Lady of Rossmoyne always has a house full of nice people, was last week the scene of a sad event, the death of Miss Mamie Tomlinson of Sherbourne street. Miss Tomlinson has been in delicate health for some time, and her taking away was not unexpected. She was one of St. Peter's church members, and always ready in every good work. Her parents, brother and sister have the sympathy of many friends.

A yacht party of young Americans have a

grievance against some young Canadians which, while it probably won't lead to a war between us and our neighbors, doesn't look pretty in my eyes. The young yachtsmen sailed into Niagara River last week and tied up at the wharf, where a group of young men, who are summering in Niagara, made friends with them. They were invited by the visitors on board their boat, and treated as well as possible, receiving in return an invitation to visit the Canadians at their hotel. After dinner the yachtsmen went up to the hotel and soon located their expected hosts. A cool and prolonged stare was their greeting, and realizing that they were intentionally cut, they quickly turned their backs on the hotel and returned to their yacht, not, however, without giving the young Canadians every opportunity to greet them. This is not hearsay, nor a made-up international discourtesy, as I had the relation of it from the captain of the American yacht, while his comrades were all within hearing distance.

Mrs. C. C. and Miss Taylor of 88 Avenue road returned from Europe by the steamer Labrador after an absence of five months, spent chiefly with relatives in Great Britain. During two visits to London they made their home with Mrs. Taylor's niece, Mrs. Colonel Brooke, at her suburban residence at Harrow-on-the-hill. In Liverpool they stayed with Mrs. Taylor's brother, Mr. J. P. Hetherington, cashier of the Adelphi Bank at Waterloo, and also Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Hetherington, now 92 years of age. They also spent some time with Mrs. I. Clarkson Kay, Mrs. Taylor's sister, at Bankfield, Bury, near Manchester.

Mrs. Postlethwaite, Wellington place, has left town to spend a few weeks with relatives in Boston, Mass.

Miss Maud Seales has entered the Hamob Hospital, Erie, Penn., to take a course of training as a nurse.

Miss Lizzie Belford of Ottawa has returned from Muskoka and is visiting Miss Sauter of Isabella street.

Miss Hattie May of Oshawa is visiting the Misses Thompson, King street west, Gananoque.

Miss Dottie Davidson is visiting friends in Hamilton and vicinity.

Mrs. Bendelari's many warm friends in Toronto, who have seen her almost enter the Valley of the Shadow last winter, will be glad to know of her satisfactory convalescence in Muskoka. Mrs. Bendelari writes that she begins to feel quite like her old self, which is a very charming self, as everyone who knows her can testify.

At the hop given at the Ottawa, Cushing's Island, last week Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark were much admired guests. Mrs. Clark was in black satin with diamond jewels, Miss Clark wore white silk, and her sister, Miss Elsie, was in pale green satin. Miss Rutherford wore pale blue with pearls.

Miss Violet Williams of Georgetown is visiting Miss E. Robinson of D'Arcy street.

Miss Gaul and Miss Jessie Gaul of Ontario street are visiting in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Willis, Miss Beatrice Willis, Miss Geneva Gaul and Mr. Alec, Willis left on Saturday for Gregory, Muskoka, for a three weeks' vacation.

An always graceful and gracious act of those gifted vocally, is to offer their services to the choir of whatever church they attend during their summer holidays. It is somewhat of an effort for a modest man or woman, and rather provocative of self-denial too. But the churches are flooded with melody, until their sleepy occupants sit up in amazement, when our sweet singers kindly help out their hum-drum devotions in the way aforesaid. At Niagara, Miss Robinson of Toronto has been doing something of this sort for the Methodist church, which, however, isn't at all a sleepy or inert institution.

Across the river, at Youngstown, Lieutenant Fox of the 13th, who sings charmingly, has also devoted some hours each Sunday to helping the Episcopal choir in that town. On week days Mr. Fox delights his friends with many beautiful songs, and has added a capital verse to the world-renowned Tommy Atkins.

On Friday evening of last week Major Pellatt, commodore of the Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club, entertained the members to a pleasant outing. The evening was most delightfully spent and hearty expressions of mirth were indulged in, as well as much appreciation expressed of the kindness of the genial commodore.

The Misses Michie of Wellington place are visiting in Orillia, that very pretty town on the Couchiching.

Miss Alice Bunting of Queen's Park is to be one of the midwinter brides. Dr. Yates of Montreal is the happy man who will steal from Toronto one of her fairest daughters.

The following were a few of the many Torontoians who wheeled to Buffalo last Saturday and registered at the Tilt House: Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker and party of five; also Messrs. Coulson, McKay, Cosby, Harton Walker, McMurrich and Maurice Taylor.

Mr. H. H. Ross of Burlington, Vt., principal of the diocesan schools of Vermont, the Vermont Episcopal Institute and the Bishop Hopkins Hall, is the guest of Mrs. E. A. Beers, 159 Close avenue. He is accompanied by his sister, Mrs. E. R. Roberts, and by his two daughters, Katherine and Margart.

Friedrich Rudolf Ibernicht, the distinguished young foreigner who has been staying in our city for some time past, leaves shortly to join his mother and sister, who have been sojourning in British Columbia and the far West during the past summer.

The new Provost of Trinity College and his charming wife are expected to arrive in Toronto the end of next week. Provost Welch is not only a brilliant scholar, but a good preacher, and those who know him best congratulate Trinity on the choice the Archbishop



Ruby—Does Miss Gusher get her beautiful complexion from her mother or father? Garnet—Her father, I believe. He keeps a paint store.

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of Canterbury made in appointing so promising a scholar to the provostship here.

Rev. Alexander W. McKenzie of Brantford and Miss Helen Leonard, daughter of Mr. C. F. Leonard, formerly of Guelph, were married at Trinity church, Geneva, N. Y., on Wednesday of last week, Rev. E. W. McKenzie, assisted by Rev. J. Bedford-Jones, officiating.

On the evening of Saturday, August 31, the new Princess Theater will be opened in a social way by the holding of an At Home and promenade concert. Invitations are being issued by the manager, Mr. Connolly, and our society people will be greatly surprised on that occasion at the artistic and cosy appointments of the new theater. Every part of the house will be thrown open to the guests of the evening, who will be entertained regally and placed on friendly terms with the Princess.

Mr. Herbert T. Blake of Macdonell avenue has returned home after spending two weeks at Peninsula Park, Lake Simcoe.

Miss Maud I. Allan returned home this week after a month's visit in Detroit, Chatham and Collingwood.

Dr. and Mrs. Snelgrove spent last week at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The latest arrivals at Stoneyhurst are Mrs. C. Edwards and Miss Edwards, Mr. Joseph Gimson and Mr. John Kerr.

The smart set have at last organized the bicycle club, which has been for a couple of months among the subjects spasmodically discussed. Although the club name, Knickerbocker, gives a universal impression of the coming costume, the ladies are rather conservatively inclined and prefer the skirt and gaiter, which are not subject to the criticism of the scooter and anti-cyclist, and yet give the necessary distinction and chic to the fair wheelwoman. Some of the lady members ride excellently, and they have every encouragement in the way of attention from their cavaliers, who are ready, eye ready, at the gentle call of the timid rider. Mr. A. Nordheimer is president of the new cycling club, and a very efficient and well chosen committee has been appointed to select the weekly runs hereabouts and see that nothing lacks of comfort and pleasure thereat. The initial rally of the Knickerbockers was held last week at the home of Mr. Walter Barwick and a delightful little run was taken.

Mrs. Tessemar, who has been quite ill, was on Thursday sufficiently recovered to take the Niagara trip across the lake.

Mrs. J. G. Scott and Miss Elliot are home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Baird have returned from Proulx's Neck, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson of Howden Holmes desire to thank their many friends for kind expressions of sympathy in the loss of their daughter.

The Wanderers' Diamond Meet for Friday and Saturday of this week is the great cycling meet of the year. Races were fixed for four o'clock on Friday afternoon and also for two-thirty and eight-thirty this evening. The new Manhattan device, a Megaphone, which is a speaking trumpet to announce the events, must have been a happy thought of the management, as its tremendous voice reaches to the nethermost limit of the enclosure.

The following have been staying at Hutton House during the past week: Mr. Andrew Park, Mr. M. H. Howard, Master Ross Howard, Miss K. Dalkers of Toronto, Mr. Chas. L. Bartlett of Chicago, Mr. Charles O. Connor, Mr. Geo. Lees, Jr., of Dundas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ahrens have returned from Doon and are at 60 Russell street. Mr. Ahrens has developed a new artistic turn and is making some lovely antique models in terra cotta and white. I hear he also contemplates forming some classes for painting, and modeling in alto and bas-relief.

The Wanderers' Cricket Club of Chicago, which so nearly vanquished Mr. Hyman's team in Chicago, reached Toronto in the course of its tour on Thursday of last week, after having defeated several strong Western clubs. The hospitality showered on the Canadians when in the Western city was amply returned to the visitors at every stopping-place. In London, Mr. Hyman gave them everything except the freedom of the city. On

Handy.

Friday they met and defeated Rosedale, and in the evening the Toronto cricketers and Mr. Hammond entertained the visitors at the Island. On Saturday before a fair-sized crowd of spectators, that contained quite a sprinkling of ladies, the Toronto Club was so unglamorous as to keep their opponents in the field the greater part of the day. Play was in the end stopped by the thunderstorm. A programme of entertainment had been arranged for the evening, but the threatening weather in a measure interfered. After another visit to the Island the Chicagoans were taken to the Toronto Club, where the evening was spent in various forms of amusement. On Sunday a tally-ho took the cricketers about the city and to the Hamber. Our visitors were greatly pleased with the reception accorded them and have promised an annual visit.

Miss Sherrin and Mr. W. F. Glockenburg of Niagara were married on Wednesday and left the next morning for a trip to the South. At the wedding were present guests from Buffalo, Youngstown, Niagara and Chicago.

The friends of the Toronto voyagers, Mr. and Mrs. Carrick, Messrs. Rolph and Gurney, were glad to get a cablegram announcing their safety after the Channel boat contretemps.

The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club hold their annual tournament on September 10 and following days. Tea is to be served every day on the lawn, and the tickets, which can be had from Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, for the full tournament, are only nominal in price.

At the concert in Hamilton on August 13 in honor of the Bisle winners, Mrs. A. Arnold Jones, recently of London, Eng., sang very acceptably, proving herself the possessor of a sweet and well trained soprano voice. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Jones have taken up their residence in Toronto.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, August 21, at 158 Beaconsfield avenue, when Mr. J. F. Moore of the Canadian Photo-Engraving Bureau was united in marriage to Miss Annie M. Wilson, the ceremony being performed by Rev. R. N. Burns. The bride was handsomely dressed in a brown traveling costume. Miss Carrie Wilson, sister of the bride, made a very pretty bridesmaid and was attired in white silk. The groomsmen were Mr. Percy Anger. The happy couple left on the 5:15 p.m. train for a trip up the Northern lakes.

The Island Wednesday informal and early dances continue to be much in vogue, and the usual assembly of pretty girls was on hand this week at the Club House. It was too bad that the summer tournament was spoiled by the wet weather last Saturday, and also that the Wanderers' meet to-day prevents its conclusion at Hanlan's. The regatta will be held at Long Pond instead, and the committee hope for many spectators. One advantage of the Island being so easy of access has been that the shoals of young men who are dancers can more have made their summer quarters there, and the mind of the summer girl at the weekly hops fairly reels under the burden of engagements for dances, half-dances and two-minute promenades on the balcony. A couple of very smart and graceful little girls who danced continually together on Wednesday and laughed at rows of men, was a shadow before of the new woman, which only the extreme youth of the substance made bearable. They'll perhaps not be so cruel nor so independent some summers hence.

I have been told of a marriage shortly to be consummated which will be a genuine surprise to hosts of people. Both of the parties are well known in Toronto, and have already been on the brink of matrimony several times.

Mrs. J. Carruthers and Miss Carruthers are at Preston Springs.

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International Golf Tournament Sept. 17, 18, 19. Send for particulars. H. WINNETT.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Niles, Baker, George D. The ton, M. Balmion and Mrs. Mrs. B. Mr. and Frank Miss B. Mrs. I. Mr. and Uawlin.

The fo Hotel D. Hoge, M. Cox of f comb of Chicago ton, M. Hamilton Stratfor A. McK Violet S. Georget McMur Galt; D. Miss Ca of Berli Bird of ton, M. W. Doh and Mr.

The fo the Win Rogers, chester, Cos of l able, M. versty of P. Duchan City, M. Charles R. binson and Miss Mrs. Geo. Mrs. Th of Ott Toronto peler, M. Mowat, Mr. and ronto, J. Thomas Watson, the Mis Adams ronto, J. Mr. and D. Kerr Dundas.

The fo arrived Mr. and Garbutt ronto, M. C. Mars George lar of To by, Miss Mr. and R. J. Clougher Bare of Toronto, Kerby o London, F. Walk Miss Ha Duffield A. Some Mrs. and Mrs. K. and Mr. Ordling Miss Sa

Mr. T. Lindsay Toronto Mrs. A. Mrs. Pa Neville Mrs. N. Mr. and Miss El Miss Mu E. W. drum, M. Mr. A. Ireland, and Mrs. and Mr. H. H. S. Wright Toronto, Pittsbur Malloch Buffalo are regi

Mr. J. ber of I ing men of Sir J. Sallabur Lorne, Tupper, Vincent Joseph

The fo the Ott success occurred

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Palmer Keep gave a ball at the Town Hall, Grimsby, on Wednesday, August 7, prior to their departure for England. The affair proved a very pleasant one despite the warmth of the evening. There were present: Major and Mrs. Allen, the Misses Allen, Mr. Hugh Allen, Mr. C. Allen, Mrs. Cyrus Nelles, Miss Aggie Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Pettit, Mr. and Mrs. George Pettit, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Woolverton, Dr. Theodor Woolverton, Miss Nina Woolverton, Mrs. Makepeace, Miss Makepeace of Baltimore, Mrs. Manson, Miss Manson, Mr. and Mrs. John Grant, Mr. J. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Burland, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Delos Woolverton of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Unwin, Miss Nettie Nelles, Mrs. Hagar, Miss Hagar, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Nelles, Mrs. R. D. Nelson, Mr. Harry Baker, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kerman, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith, Mr. Curphy, Mr. L. Unwin, Mr. R. Unwin and Mr. Guy Stone.

The following are the arrivals at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nation, Miss Lillian Drummond, Mrs. Rees, the Misses Rees, Miss Florence Lee, Mr. J. M. Scheak, Miss Scheak, Mr. Snider, Mr. J. W. Taylor, Mrs. and Miss McKernan of Toronto.

The following are among the arrivals at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs: Mr. Arthur Hoge, Miss Boys of Guelph, Mr. R. Gregory Cox of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. R. Puttichong of New Hamburg, Mr. H. A. Finlay of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lettich of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McGill, Mr. W. M. Hamilton of Toronto, Mr. John Murray of Stratford, Dr. A. Hamilton of Toronto, Mr. G. A. McKee of Uxbridge, Mr. James Smith, Miss Violet Smith of Toronto, Mr. D. Webster of Georgetown, Mrs. W. J. McMurtry, Miss McMurtry, Mrs. F. E. Hoar, Miss Hoar of Galt, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Orton of Guelph, Miss Cavanagh of Arthur, Mrs. W. H. Bowley of Berlin, Mrs. G. H. Parley of Ottawa, Miss Bird of Toronto, Mrs. R. T. Steele of Hamilton, Mr. P. J. Macdonald of London, Eng., Mrs. W. Doherty, Miss Madge Doherty of Clinton, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fowler of Guelph.

The following are the guests registered at the Windermere House: Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Rogers, Mrs. and Miss Montgomery of Rochester, Mrs. R. B. Boak of Chicago, Mr. C. E. Cos of Memphis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Venable, Miss N. Venable, Mr. C. Venable of University of Virginia, Mrs. and Mr. C. Dallam of Paducah, Ky.; Dr. J. H. Austin of Kansas City, Miss Gilroy of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tucker of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson of London, Mrs. Robinson of Galt, Mr. and Miss Gillespie, Mrs. G. H. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hayne of Toronto, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson of Sarnia, Mr. L. H. Alexander of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell of Toronto, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Strachan of Hespeler, Miss E. B. Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat, Mrs. F. W. Harcourt, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, Mr. S. Crane of Toronto, Miss Templeton of Belleville, Mrs. Thomas Symington of Sarnia, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. O. Watson of Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Labatt of London, Mrs. MacAdams of Hamilton, Rev. J. W. Barker of Toronto, Judge and Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Esken of Toronto, Mr. F. D. Kerr of Cobourg, Mr. Charles O'Connor of Dandas.

The following is a list of those who have arrived at Grimsby Park during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Watkins of Hamilton, Mr. Garbutt of Omeens, Mr. William Love of Toronto, Mr. Charles Fisher of Toronto, Mrs. S. C. Marshall, Misses Carrie and Annie and Mr. George W. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. L. McKellar of Toronto, Mrs. Marie Harrison of Grimsby, Misses Emma and Beulah Gilbert of Baltimore, Mr. Sleightall, Mr. Hockin of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Wickett, Rev. J. W. Jolliffe of Cobourg, Mr. and Miss Clougher, Mr. Bidwell May of Hamilton, Miss Bate of Philadelphia, Dr. and Miss Wilcox of Toronto, Mr. L. Wallace of Chicago, Rev. E. W. Kerby of St. Catharines, Mr. J. E. Holmes of London, Mr. J. Edgar Mills of Guelph, Mr. E. F. Walker, Mr. E. F. Harrington of Toronto, Miss Harrison of Guelph, Mrs. A. and Miss Duffield, Mrs. E. Shaver, Miss C. Stewart, Mrs. A. Sommers, Miss Ramsay, Mrs. E. Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Curry, Miss Carique, Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid, Mr. Hughes, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kelly of West Flamboro, Miss Cordingley, Mr. and Mrs. Cox of Berford, and Miss Smuck.

Mr. T. M. Fairbairn of Toronto, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsay, Messrs. C. S. and A. B. Wilkie of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. McDonough, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, Mr. H. R. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Ronald Harris, Mr. G. Neville Sayers, Mr. G. B. Harris of London; Mrs. N. C. Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Swaby, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Smoke, Mr. A. I. Arnold, Miss Ellis, Miss Gussie Dixon, Miss Gordon, Miss Munro, Mr. F. E. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jarvis, Messrs. H. B. and J. A. Mel-drum, Mr. Gordon Waldron, Mr. A. H. O'Brien, Mr. A. C. McMaster of Toronto; Dr. Waddy Ireland, Mrs. and Miss King of Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Labouisse of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Simons of Philadelphia, Mr. H. H. Syer of Chicago, Col. Wright, Mr. Guy Wright of St. Louis; Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Falmeacock of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Malloch, Miss Malloch of Perth; Mr. and Mrs. M. Loomis of Buffalo and Mr. Harry Nellis of Woodstock are registered at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has received a number of interesting personal letters from leading men in England in connection with his life of Sir John Thompson, amongst others Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, the Marquis of Lorne, the Marquis of Dufferin, Sir Charles Tupper, Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

The full dress progressive euchre party at the Ottawa, Cushing's Island, was the most successful entertainment of the kind that ever occurred at this famous hostelry. Eighty



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And if out of town any of these can be secured through our mail order system.

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hands participated in the play. The event showed more than the expert euchre players among the guests, displaying to advantage some of the most elegant costumes that could be seen at any summer resort. Miss Rutherford of Toronto was winner of the first prize.

Mr. W. L. Smith has resigned his position as leader writer for the *Evening News*.

Rabbi Elzas, who is now at Charleston, S.C., has been visiting in town for some weeks. Mrs. Elzas and her fine little daughter are in the South.

Mrs. Russell and Miss Maude Russell of Saginaw, Mich., arrived in the city Wednesday, after spending a delightful holiday at northern summer resorts. They will remain in Toronto until after the Exhibition.

Mrs. W. R. Blachford of Michigan is visiting her old friend, Mrs. James M. Thrush of Victoria crescent, and will also visit her father (Dr. Wetheral of Hamilton) before returning home.

Mr. Alfred A. Andrews, an old Toronto resident, now of New York, visited friends in this city last week.

Hon. H. C. Biggs and Mrs. Biggs were the guests of Mr. A. O. Buchan at Grimsby Park last week.

Mr. Waldemar Wallach of *The Metropolitan*, Montreal, and Mrs. Wallach were at the Queen's for a couple of days last week.

Mr. Clifford Smith and Mr. W. E. Hunt of Montreal visited Toronto and the Falls last week.

Miss Laura Stockwell, who has been spending the summer months as the guest of the Misses Humphrey of Church street, returned to her home in Brantford on Tuesday.

Messrs. Will Milligan and Percy Anger have returned from Muskoka, bringing quite a long story with them about their trip down the Moon river.

Miss Edythe Haskin is summering at Bala Falls, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock and Mrs. Gooderham went over to Niagara on Monday.

A. R. Hassard, B.C.L., Miss Hassard and Miss Florence Hassard of Gerrard street returned on Wednesday evening from Grimsby Park, where they have been spending their summer holidays.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Ina Keighley with her brother Willie and Mr. Frank Mauleon, in an hour on the Reefs at Lake Rosseau caught twenty-nine pickerel averaging in weight from one and a half to two and a half pounds. How is this for Muskoka?

What?
Fact.

Wool—The strength of a pronouncement depends not so much on the phraseology as on the men who sign it.

Van Pelt—For instance!

Wool—What would have been the moral effect of the Declaration of Independence, signed "Prominent Citizen?"



He—Give me your hand.
Miss Uppten—You must ask mamma first.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

Mr. Geale Dickson arrived from England on Monday.

Miss Armstrong is the guest of Miss Edith Harman.

Miss Potter, who has been stopping with Mrs. Charles Ball, returned to New York last Thursday.

Mrs. and Miss Mary Colquhoun have been stopping during the past week with Mrs. Charles Hunter.

Mrs. and Miss Alma returned from Preston on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Constance Hewgill of St. Louis is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. Garrett.

Mr. Mossom Boyd and Mr. Frank Russell of Toronto were the guests of Mr. A. C. Howe last Sunday.

Mr. George Fisher was at Doyle's Hotel on Monday. He was only one of a number of Toronto gentlemen who spent Toronto's Civic Holiday here.

Miss Daisy Ince left on Wednesday of last week for London, where she will spend the remainder of the season.

The Oriole with a very jolly party on board came in in time for the hop last Saturday evening.

Mrs. A. M. Macrae has returned from a two months' visit in Toronto.

Mrs. Rumsey of Glencairn, Queenston, is a frequent and always a welcome visitor in town. Last Friday was one of the gayest days of the week. In the morning and afternoon a number of interested spectators witnessed a splendid bowling match at the Queen's between the Granites of Toronto and the Niagara club rinks.

From five to seven Mrs. J. Lewis of Rowanwood entertained twenty or thirty of her friends at afternoon tea, and at nine a large party assembled at the wharf and ferried over to Fort Niagara, where one more was added to the many charmingly pleasant dances which have made the Post so jolly and attractive this summer.

Mrs. Lewis's tea was given almost exclusively for a number of her St. Louis friends who are summering and visiting in town. She received her guests in a pretty light gown of ivory and mauve mullin, and was assisted by Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Miss Schuyler and Miss Evelyn Dickson. Tea and coffee were poured in a pretty little rustic arbor, gay with flowers and tempting sweets. Among those present were: Miss Lloyd of Louisville, whom to see is to remember, Tennyson's "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," Mrs. Talboys, the Misses Schuyler, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Miss Nozler, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. and Miss Selden, Miss Stoner, Miss Buchanan, Mrs. George Warren, Capt. and Mrs. Weir Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Major and Mrs. Waterbury, the Misses Geale, Miss Arnold, Mr. E. W. Syer, Mrs. Seymour, the Misses Strathy and Mrs. Hardy.

The dance at the Fort was, as usual, delightful. Mrs. Smith, who is a charming hostess, received the guests in a very handsome gown of white and black, which suited her fair beauty admirably, and in her own pleasant way proceeded to make all enjoy themselves. There were no disconsolate men supporting the doorways and no partnerless maidens tapping the floor with their dainty slippers in time to the beautiful music of the orchestra of the Thirteenth. There was none

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the very pick and choice of the European markets. Styles and makes not shown heretofore.

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of the stiffness and unnecessary formality which characterize so many social affairs. Everyone went, knowing from experience how delightful the evening would be, and no one was disappointed. Among those present were: Mr. George Brownell, Lieut. and Mrs. Malone, the Misses Howard, Lieut. Hall, Lieut. McFarlane, Lieut. Fox, Mr. Buffington, Miss Chance, Mr. Howard, Mr. Mee, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. M. B. Parsons, Mr. Percy Hall, Miss Bernies, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Arthur Coffey, Mr. Norton, Mrs. Denison, Miss Peterson, Miss Nozler, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Lloyd, the Misses Kerwin, Mr. Hostetter, Miss Bell and Mr. Selden.

This has been in every way an unusually gay season at the Queen's, but of the many pleasant affairs nothing has equalled the success of the concert on Wednesday of last week. Every number on the programme was good, but the mere fact that Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. George Fox and Mr. S. Cornell were present made the evening so rich a musical treat that it left absolutely nothing to be desired. Mr. Jarvis's voice is beyond expression grand. He sang more magnificently than ever before, his glorious voice seeming more heavenly than human. Mr. Fox, who is fast winning his way among the best violinists of the day, played most exquisitely, and was repeatedly encored, while with every appearance of Mr. Cornell, who contributed a number of humorous songs, the room was in a constant ripple of laughter. Mrs. Parker sang two or three songs very sweetly, and D'Alessandro's orchestra played several selections in a way that won well merited applause.

The children's fancy dress ball with a Punch and Judy show will be repeated at the Queen's Royal on Monday evening, August 26, at 8.30 o'clock. An admission of twenty-five cents will be charged everyone except the children in costume, the proceeds to be divided between the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital and the Buffalo Fresh Air Fund.

Invidious Comparisons.

Washington Star.

"One who is now a member of congress, or will be when the national legislature meets on the first Monday in December, and is sworn in, was, two dozen years ago, a county judge in the state from which he hails, and a more pompous and conceited judge never sat on the bench," said a western man. "But that was long ago, and the years have taught him a good many things and improved him materially. However that may be, it happened that on one occasion in his court a lawyer was pleading a case and was making a regular red-fire-and-slow-curtain speech, which stirred the jury to its profoundest depths. In the course of his peroration he said:

"And, gentlemen of the jury, as I stand at this bar to-day in behalf of a prisoner, whose health is such that at any moment he may be called before a greater judge than the judge of this court, I—"

"The judge on the bench rapped sharply on

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We may live with,
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BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XLV.

"They begin with making falsehood appear like truth, and end with making truth like falsehood."

Mrs. Prior knocks gently at the front gate of the Cottage, not the little green gate so well known to the Barrys; and after a little delay Mrs. Denis's martial stride can be heard behind it, and her voice pierces the wood-work.

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Mrs. Prior." Mrs. Prior's tones are soft and suave, and persuasive. "That is you, I think, Mrs. Denis. I recognize your voice as that of an old friend. I have been here before, you know, several times, and I quite remember you. My nephew—your master, Mr. Wyndham, has at last let me know about his tenant, and I have come—very softly this—'to call on her."

That she is lying horribly and with set purpose is beyond doubt. To herself she excuses herself with the old, sad, detestable fallacy, that her words are true, whatever the spirit of them may be.

Mrs. Denis, astute matron and alert Cerberus as she is (a rather comical combination), is completely taken in. She is the more ready to be deceived, in that she is at her heart, good soul, so unfeignedly glad to think that now, after all this time, her master's people are coming forward to recognize and no doubt make much of the "puppy darling" under her care. Her care! Never for a moment has she admitted Miss Manning's right to chaperone Ella, though now on excellent terms with that most excellent lady.

She does not answer Mrs. Prior immediately, but strokes her beard behind the gate and smiles languidly to herself. Hah! He's found 'em! He's found it for himself that he loves her! The creature! An' why not? Fegs, there isn't her equal between this and the Ingles! An' of course it is a mark of honor designed by him to his young lady, that his aunt should come an' pay her respects to her.

For all this she is still cautious and now opens the gate to Mrs. Prior, by only an inch or so at a time. Mrs. Prior, on this, calmly and with the leisurely manner that belongs to her, moves forward a step or two, a step that places her parasol and her arm inside the gateway.

"You are, I can see, a most faithful guardian," says she pleasantly, and with the distinctly approving tones of the superior to the efficient inferior. "I shall take care to tell Mr. Wyndham my opinion of you." The little sinister meaning in her speech is clouded with smiles. She takes another step forward that brings not only her arm and parasol, but herself, inside the gate; thus mistress of the situation, she smiles again—this time a little differently, but still with the utmost suavity.

"This young lady?" asks she. "She is in the house no doubt? If you could let me see her without any formal introduction. It would be so much more friendly, it seems to me."

Mrs. Denis's ample bosom swells with joy and pride. Her beard vibrates. "Friendly." So they are going to be friendly—those people of his! After all, perhaps Miss Ella is a princess in disguise; and they have only just found it out. Well, she looks one—wid her little feet, an' her little hands, an' those small features of hers.

"No, ma'am," says she, addressing Mrs. Prior, with a courtesy she seldom uses to anyone. "Miss Ella is in the garden; an' as you say ye'd like to see her all by herself, if ye'll go round that corner, ye'll find her aisy, near the hollyhocks. An' I'll tell ye this, says Mrs. Denis, squaring her arms and growing sentimental, "tis plazed ye'll be whin ye do see her."

"I feel sure of that," says Mrs. Prior. She speaks quite calmly, yet a rage of hatred shakes her. Glad to see this abominable creature, who has interfered with the marriage of her daughter!

"She's got the face of an angel, ma'am." "And the heart of one, of course," says Mrs. Prior. The sarcasm is thrown away upon Mrs. Denis, who is now bursting with a pean addressed to her goddess.

"Ay, ma'am. Fegs, 'tis aisy to see the master has bin tellin' you about her." "Just a little," says Mrs. Prior. "He—?" "He thinks a dale of her," says Mrs. Denis, putting her hand to her mouth and speaking mysteriously. "I can see that much, but 'tis little he says. But sure ye know him. 'Tis mighty quiet he is entirely."

"Yes, I think I know him. But this, . . . young lady—"

"Wish! 'tis only keepin' ye from her I am. An' 'tis longin' ye are to see her or course."

"You are right, my good woman," says Mrs. Prior. "I really don't think I was ever so anxious to make the acquaintance of anyone before. . . . Around that corner, you say? Thank you. I shall certainly tell my nephew what a trustworthy guardian you make."

She parts with Mrs. Denis with a little gracious bow, and a sudden swift change of countenance that strikes that worthy woman at the time—but unfortunately works out a little late. Stepping quickly in the direction indicated, Mrs. Prior turns the corner and goes along the southern border of the pretty cottage until she reaches a small iron gate that leads to the garden proper.

In here, soft perfumes meet one in the air, and delicate tints delight the eye. The little walks run here and there. The grasses grow. And from the flowering shrubs sweet trills are heard. . . . sounds beautiful, and

"Not sooner heard Than answered, doubled, trebled more, Voice of an Eden in the bird Renewing with his pipe of four The sob; a troubled Eden rich In throbs of heart."

The grandeur of the dying autumn strikes through all; for over there as a background to the still brilliant flowers, are fading yellows, and sad reds, and leaves russet brown, more

lovely now perhaps than when a life dwelt in them.

Mrs. Prior moves through all these things untouched by their beauty—on one thought bent. And all at once the subject of her thought lies there before her. The clearest, sweetest thought!

Ella, on one of the many small paths, is standing as if struck by some great surprise. She is looking at Mrs. Prior earnestly—half-fearfully—with eager meaning in her large dark eyes—as of one trying to work out some problem that had been suggested many years ago.

The sight of the girl standing there, with her hand pressed against her forehead as if to compel thought, drives the anger she is feeling even deeper into Mrs. Prior's soul. Such an attitude! As if not understanding! The absurd put-on innocence of it is positively—well . . . disgusting!

And always Ella stands looking at her as if frightened by the sudden unexpected visitor, but presently through her fear and astonishment another look springs into life. Her eyes widen—she does nothing—she says nothing—but anyone looking on would say that the girl all at once had remembered. But something terribly vague had touched her: something startling out of the past that until that moment had lain dead. Oh, surely she knows this lady. Has met her somewhere—

As if impelled by this mad fancy she goes quickly towards Mrs. Prior.

"I—Do I know you?" asks she, in a low, tense way.

"I think not," says Mrs. Prior, in her calm trauante voice, that is now insolent in a degree. A faint, most cruel smile plays upon her lips. "You, and such as you, are seldom known by—us."

The girl stands silent. No actual knowledge of her meaning enters into her heart, but what does come home to her in some vague way is that she has been thrust back—put far away—cast out as it were.

"I don't understand," says she, a little faintly.

"Oh, I think you do," says Mrs. Prior, with cultivated rudeness. "But I have not come here to-day to inform you as to your position in life. I have come rather to explain to you that your—er—relations with my nephew must come to an end—and at once."

"Your nephew?"

"Has Mr. Wyndham not spoken to you of his people then? Rather better taste than I should have expected from him. But one may judge from it that he is not yet lost to all sense of decency."

The insolence in her tone stings.

"You must believe me or not as you like," says the girl, drawing up her slight figure, "but I don't know what you are speaking about. Do you mean that you think it wrong of me to have rented this cottage from Mr. Wyndham?"

Mrs. Prior raises her pince-nez and looks at her.

"Really, you are very amusing," says she. "Now, what do you think it is? Right? Your views should be interesting."

"If not this house, I should take another," says Ella. She is feeling bewildered and frightened, and she has grown very pale.

"Of course, if you insist on the innocent role," says Mrs. Prior coldly, shrugging her shoulders. "It is useless my wasting my time. If, however, you have any regard for Mr. Wyndham, who, it seems, has been very good to you,—she glances meaningfully around the charming little home and garden—"if distinctly unkind to himself, it may be of use to let you know that your presence here is very likely to be the cause of his ruin."

"His—ruin!" The unmistakable horror in the girl's face strikes Mrs. Prior as hopeful, so she proceeds briskly:

"Social ruin! It will undoubtedly mean his disinheritor by his uncle, Lord Shangarry, and—the rupture of his engagement with the girl he—loves!"

She plants this barb with joy. The telling of a lie, more or less, has never troubled her during her life.

"The girl—he loves!" Ella's voice as she repeats the words sounds dull and monotonous. She is quite ghastly now, and she has laid her hand on the back of a garden chair to steady herself.

"Yes. The girl he has always meant to marry!" She lays great stress on the last word. That ought to tell. "Whom he meant to marry until your—fascinations"—she throws detestable meaning into her speech—base, as it is detestable—"alienated him—for the moment!"

All at once Ella recovers herself.

"Oh! you are wrong, wrong!" cries she vehemently. "Somebody has been telling you what is not true, what is not the case! Mr. Wyndham does not—does not—she trembles violently—"love me. Not me—anyone but me. Oh! who could have said such a thing! Believe me, do believe me," she comes forward, holds out her hands imploringly, "when I tell you that I am the last girl in the world he would fall in love with. If you know this young lady he loves, go back to her, I implore you, and tell her it is all untrue—that she loves her, and her only, and that all she has heard to the contrary is not worth one thought. Oh! madam! If he should be hurt through me. . . . After all his goodness to me! Oh. . . . go . . . go to her and tell her what I say!"

She stops, and covers her face suddenly with her hands. She is not crying, however. Tears are far from her eyes. But the misery of death has swept over her soul.

Mrs. Prior gives way to a low laugh.

"Why don't you go on the stage?" she says. "You would have made even a better living there. But perhaps you have only just come off it!"

The girl lets her hands drop to her sides, and turns passionately upon her.

"Why won't you believe me?" cries she, with sudden wild vehemence. "What have I done that you should disbelieve my word?" Her eyes are bright with grief and the eager desire that is consuming her, to make things straight for Wyndham and the girl he loves. Wyndham who has been so good to her, who has brought her out of such deep waters! To hurt him. To injure him. The very thought is unbearable. She has involuntarily—unknowingly—drawn up her svelt and slender body to its fullest height, and with a courage that few women could have found under circumstances so poignant, so filled with agonized memory, and with yet another feeling that perhaps is bitterest of all (though hardly known) she looks full at her tormentor.

"Can't you see," cries she, with a proud humility, "how wrong you must be? How could I interfere between Mr. Wyndham and the woman he loves? Who am I? Nothing." She throws up her beautiful head with a touch of inalienable pride and repeats the word distinctly, "Nothing."

"Less than nothing," says Mrs. Prior, who is only moved to increased and unendurable hatred by her beauty and her unconscious hauteur. "So far as he regards you!"

Ella draws her breath quickly.

"If so small in his regard, how then do I prevent his marriage with the girl he loves?"

"Alas! for the sorrow of her voice! It might have touched the heart of anyone! Mrs. Prior, however, is impervious to such touches.

"Don't you think it very absurd your pretending like this?" says she contemptuously. "Of course, in spite of the absurd innocence you pretend, one can see that you quite understand the situation and how unpleasantly you are in the way. If he had brought you anywhere but here it might have been hushed up, but to the very house his poor mother left him. Why, it is an open scandal! And an insult to my daughter."

The girl makes a shocked gesture! "It is your daughter, then? But," quickly, "now that you know he doesn't love me, and you can tell her—and—?" She is looking eagerly, with almost passionate hope, at Mrs. Prior.

"Tell her! Tell my daughter about you!" Mrs. Prior's voice is terrible. "How dare you suggest the idea of my speaking to my girl of—?" She checks herself with difficulty, and goes on coldly. "No doubt you believe Mr. Wyndham will be to you always as he is now. Women of your class delude themselves like that. But—when he marries—as he will—as he shall—you will learn that a wife is one thing and a mis—"

She breaks off in the middle of her odious word, as though shot! A hand has clasped her shoulder.

"Hould yer tongue, woman, if there's still a drop o' decency left in ye! Hould yer tongue, I say."

The voice is the voice of Mrs. Denis.

"May I ask who it is you are addressing?" asks Mrs. Prior, releasing herself easily enough. Putting up her eyeglass, she bends upon Mrs. Denis the glare that she has always found so effectual for the undoing of her foes. But Mrs. Denis thinks nothing of glares. She is indeed at this moment producing one of her own, beneath which Mrs. Prior sinks into insignificance.

"Faith ye may!" says she, advancing towards the enemy with a regular "come on" sort of air. "An' as ye ask me, I'll give ye yer answer. Ye're the aunt of a nevy that has lery right to be ashamed o' ye! Know ye it? Arrah!" Here the unapproachable sarcasm of the Irish peasant breaks forth, "Is it that ye're askin'?" Fegs, I do thin, an' to me cost, for 'tis too late I am wid me knowledge."

She pauses here, and planting her hands on her ample hips, surveys Mrs. Prior with deliberate scorn.

"Oh! ye ould thraitor!" says she at last. Tableau!

It is open to question whether Mrs. Prior's instant anger arises most from the word "ould" or "thraitor." Probably the "ould."

"You forget yourself," cries she sharply—furiously.

"Ye're out there," says Mrs. Denis, "for 'tis I'm remimberin'. 'Oh, Mrs. Denis,' with a wonderful attempt at Mrs. Prior's air, "'An' is that you?'—so swate like. An' I'll be tellin' me nevy what a good guardian ye are—An' 'tis me nevy tould me to come, an' pay me respects to your young lady.'" Here Mrs. Denis lifts her powerful fist and shakes it in the air. "I wonder to the devil," says she, "that yer tongue didn't stick to yer mouth when ye said thim words. Yer nevy indeed! Wait till I see yer nevy! 'Tis shakin' in yer shoes ye'll be thin! Worse than ye made this poor lamb," with a glance at Ella, who has drawn back and is trembling violently, "shake to-day."

"You shall have reason to remember this. . . This most insolent behavior. You shall know . . . begins Mrs. Prior, white with wrath, but Mrs. Denis will have none of her.

"I know one thing, anyway," says she, "that out o' this ye go, this mianit-second. Ye can tell yer nevy all about it, whin ye git out, an' the sooner ye're out, the sooner ye can tell him; an' I wish ye joy of the tellin'! Come now! she steps up to Mrs. Prior with a menacing air. "Quick march!"

This grand old soldier—with whom even her husband, good man and true as he had proved himself on many a battlefield, would probably have come off second best at a close tussle—now sidling up to Mrs. Prior, with distinct battle in her eyes, that lady deems it best to lay down her arms and sound a retreat.

"This irreparable conduct only coincides with the whole of this establishment," says Mrs. Prior, making a faint effort to sustain her position whilst being literally moved towards the gate by the powerful personality and still more powerful arm of Mrs. Denis. The latter does not touch her, indeed, but she keeps waving that muscular member up and down like a windmill, in a most threatening manner.

"You understand that I shall report all this to Mr. Wyndham?"

"Ye've said all that before," says Mrs. Denis, with great contempt. "An' now I'll tell you something. That report ye spake of, in my humble opinion, will make mighty little noise!"

After that she closes the gate with scant ceremony on Mrs. Prior's departing heels.

Mark Twain says:

"To fetch the public you must serve it well"

"Salada"

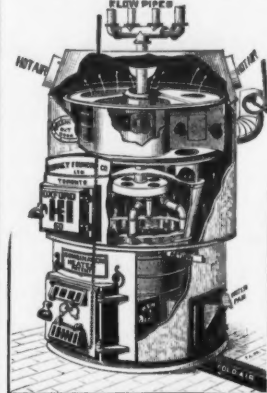
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CHAPTER XLVI.

"To hear an open scandal is a cure: But not to find an answer is a worse."

Mrs. Prior, thus forcibly ejected (ejections are the vogue in Ireland), commences her return journey to Crosby Park, smarting considerably under her wrongs and the big umbrella she is holding over her head. She has gone but a little way, however, when, on suddenly turning a corner, she finds herself face to face with Wyndham.

He has evidently been walking in a great hurry, but as he sees her he comes to a dead stop. All his worst fears are at once realized. The fact is that Crosby had missed Mrs. Prior at luncheon hour, a most unusual thing, by the way, for her to be absent, for she dearly loved a meal, and he had asked Miss Prior where she was. Miss Prior had said she did not know—hadn't the faintest notion—perhaps gone for a stroll and forgotten her way home. Crosby somehow had felt that the fair Josephine was lying openly and freely, and had at once given a hint to Wyndham of Mrs. Prior's conversation with him on the previous night; even suggesting that Mrs. Prior's unusual absence from luncheon might have some connection with The Cottage. The result of all of which is that Mrs. Prior now finds herself looking into her nephew's eyes, and wondering rather vaguely what the next move is going to be.

His eyes are distinctly unpleasant. They had been anxious, horribly anxious, when first she saw them, but now they seem alive with active rage.

"Where have you been?" asks he immediately, his face set and white. Crosby, then, had been quite right in his suggestion.

"I have been doing my duty," returns Mrs. Prior, who has pulled herself together. Her tone is stern and uncompromising.

"You have been at The Cottage." "You have guessed quite correctly."

"You have seen that poor girl, and—?" "I have seen that most wretched girl, and told her my opinion of her."

Wyndham makes a sharp ejaculation. "You spoke to her, insulted her, that poor child!" He feels that reproach is no longer possible to him. What has she said, what indeed has she left unsaid? Great heavens! what monsters some women can be.

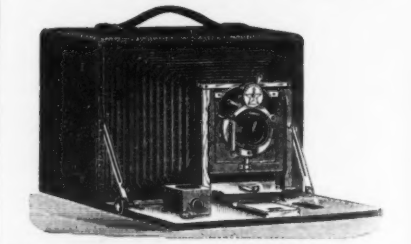
"I explained to her her position. Not that she needed explanation, in spite of all her extremely clever efforts at an innocent bearing. I passed over that, however, and told her—hoping that perhaps she had some real feeling for you—though I understand that class of person never has any honest feeling—that beyond all doubt Lord Shangarry would disinherit you if he heard of your connection with her." She pauses here. This is her trump card, and she looks straight at Paul as she plays it.

It proves valueless. He passes it over as though it were of no consequence whatever.

"I don't know what to say to you," says he, struggling with his passionate rage, and grief, and shame. "I hardly know how to condemn you strongly enough. I wish to God you were not a woman, and then I should know what to do. This girl you have so insulted is a girl as good and pure as the best girl you have ever met, and yet you have gone down there," pointing in the direction of The Cottage, "and deliberately hurt and wounded her. I wonder you had the courage to do it. Are you," growing now furious, "a fool that you couldn't see how

sweet and gentle and innocent she is?" "Is it your intercourse with this sweet and gentle and innocent girl that has made you so extremely rude?" asks his aunt, in her low, well-bred voice. "If so, I consider I have done an extra duty by my visit to her. It may have

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Everybody Likes It

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results. Your disinclination by Shangarry, for example, is sure to have an effect upon her. I am afraid, after all, it is you who are the fool. In the meantime, Paul, I can quite see that your infatuation for an extremely ordinary sort of girl has blinded you to her defects. Some of these people, I am told, quite study our manners nowadays; but she lacks distinction of any sort. That you happen to be in love with her at present of course prevents your seeing these faults.

"You seem so remarkably well up in the affair," says Wyndham, who could now have cheerfully strangled her, "that I suppose it will be quite superfluous to tell you that love has no voice in the matter. I am not in love with her, and she most positively is not in love with me."

Mrs. Prior makes a contemptuous movement of her thin shoulders.

"So very odd," says she. "Do you suppose, my dear Paul, with the stake you have in view, that I expect you to say the truth—to tell me that you had fallen violently in love with this little paltry creature who has come out of no one knows where, except yourself, to go back to no one knows where, when you are tired of her?"

"Look here," says Wyndham, driven beyond all courtesy by some feeling that he can hardly explain. "I think you have the worst mind of any woman I have ever met. I see now that it is useless to try to convince you, but remember—remember always," he makes a distinct pause, as if on purpose, as if to fasten the words on her mind, "what I say to you now, that anyone who calls Ella Moore anything less than the best woman on earth—lies!"

"Your infatuation has gone deep," says Mrs. Prior. "Few men would speak so strongly in favor of the virtue of their friends."

"I understand your hideous hint," says Wyndham, who has now grown cold and collected. "You are a woman, and it is hard to tell a woman that she lies. But if you were a man I shouldn't hesitate about it."

"As I tell you, she has not improved your manners," says Mrs. Prior, with a bitter smile. She has not dreamt the affair would take this turn. She had believed that Paul, through dread of Shangarry's displeasure, would at the most have made light of the matter, have parried the attack, and perhaps have sworn fresh allegiance to Josephine on the head of it. That he should defend this "creature," and defy her—his aunt—because of her. . . . The situation has become strained beyond bearing.

"If you do not love her, and she does not love you, and is not even your friend," says she sneeringly, "what is she to you?"

"My tenant. Neither more nor less."

"You mean to tell me—on your honor—that she pays you rent?"

"Certainly she does."

"She is a bona fide tenant, nothing more? Then if so, why all this mystery? Why did you give me to understand weeks ago that she was a man?"

"You understood that for yourself. And with regard to the mystery, it seems that she is desirous of privacy."

"How very modest; and what an extraordinary tenant to pick up. May I ask where you first heard of her? By advertisement?"

"No."

"How then?"

For a moment Wyndham hesitates. Hesitation is supposed to lead to ruin, but Wyndham comes out of it sound in mind and limb. His mind had suffered a shock as it fell back upon that tragic scene in the Professor's room, but recovered from it almost immediately.

"You may have heard of Professor Hennessy," says he. "A very distinguished man. He told me of her, just before his death. Now," sarcastically, "have I answered enough of your questions? Is your conscience quite satisfied as to your duty?"

"It is open to anyone to make light of sacred subjects," said Mrs. Prior with dignity. "Duty to me is the one sacred thing in life. I have taken this matter in hand, and in spite of all you have said, Paul, I may as well warn you that I shall not take your word for it, but shall sift it steadily to the bottom. I consider that my duty to both you and to my daughter."

"To Josephine?"

"Yes—to Josephine. Are you prepared to say that you have no duty towards her?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"After all these years? After all Shangarry has hinted and said? After all the notoriety—the talk, the gossip of our world? That a man should pay printed attentions to a girl for two years—should come and go—be received at her mother's house—and escort her to balls and concerts and to theatres; is all that to go for nothing? Is my poor girl to be cast aside now as though nothing had occurred?"

"If you are alluding to Josephine," says Wyndham coldly and calmly, "I can't see that anything has occurred to cause her annoyance of any kind. I am afraid you are misleading yourself. You ought to speak to your daughter, and she, no doubt, will post you up about it. I, for my part, can assure you that there is nothing between us—nor has there ever been. Your daughter is as indifferent to me as, emphatically, 'I am to her.'"

He feels abominably rude as he says this, but he feels, too, the necessity for saying it. And, after all, the onus of the rudeness lies with her. Mrs. Prior is silent for a moment, more from anger than from inability to speak; then she breaks out—

"I shall write to Shangarry."

"You can write," says Wyndham quietly, "to anyone on earth you like."

"You distinctly then decline to carry out your engagement to my daughter?"

"My dear aunt. Surely you exaggerate. When was there any engagement?"

"It was the same thing. You paid her great attention, and Shangarry has set his heart on it."

"I am sorry for Lord Shangarry."

"You refuse then—"

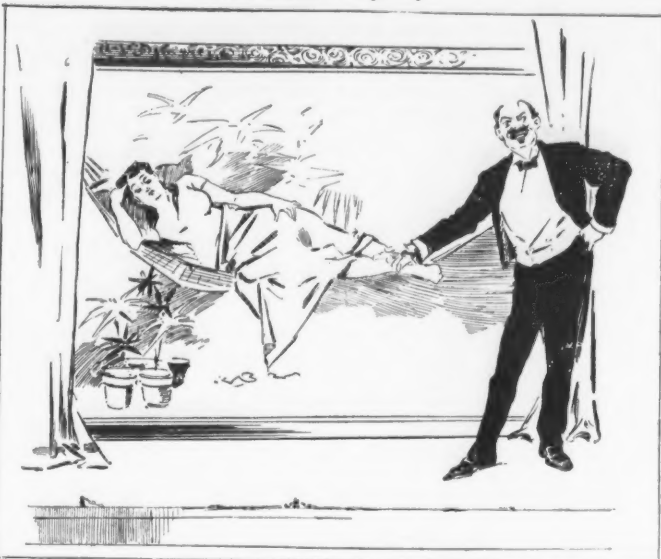
"Distinctly," says Wyndham. He lifts his hat and hurries past her. She waits a little, watching him, until he disappears around the corner that will lead him to The Cottage.

(To be Continued.)

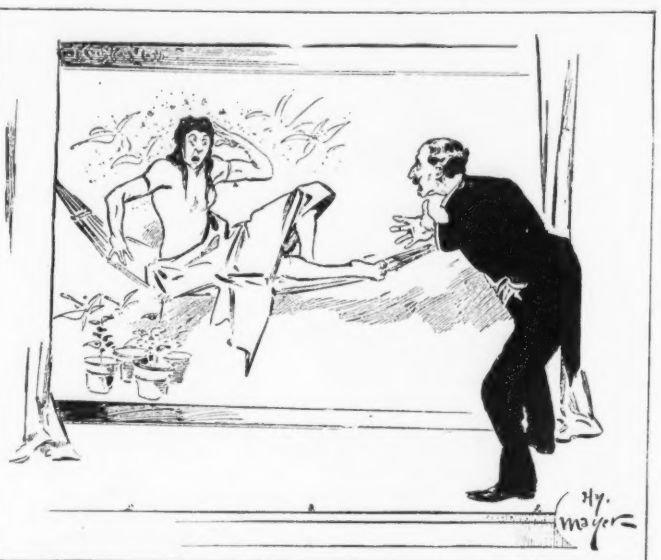
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No Slumber in Jersey.



1—Jersey Lecturer—Ladies and gentleman, this living picture is called "Beautiful Slumber."



2—And just then the mosquitoes commenced to arrive.

Books and Authors.

ANDREW LANG is an able critic and I am delighted to see that he from time to time takes a fling at William Dean Howells, who is perhaps the most self-suited literary man of the day, and who fell into a reminiscent mood the moment his first book was printed. When age has rendered him garrulous, what will Howells not attempt in the way of autobiography! Mr. Lang is worth quoting: "If to differ from Mr. Howells is to utter 'yells and cat-calls,' nobody has been more vociferous than myself. Mr. Howells, to my mind, has neither the education, the method, the taste, nor the environment of the critic. He is surrounded by the noisy blatant to-day, which will soon be as still and as silent as the age of Elizabeth or of Menepheh. His critical ears are deaf with the noise and his eyes dim with the dust of the present. It was no 'new' discovery of Mr. Howells that Scott is 'tedious and slipshod in style, if not in matter.' No; that valuable discovery was made by every contemporary critic of Sir Walter. That Thackeray 'represents only the club-window view of life' is no more 'new' than the stricture on Scott, and consoled many of Mr. Thackeray's forgotten contemporaries. Of course the saying is not more true than novel; Esmond was not seen out of a club window, nor was the parting of Emma and George Osborne on the eve of Waterloo. We did not need Mr. Howells to teach us to find spots on the sun or knots in a reed. Unaided, our little criticisms could make shift to see that Sir Walter nodded at times, and that Beatrix Esmond was viewed out of the window of the Garrick Club. Whether Mr. Howells revived into a second-hand newness these sagacities of the newspaper reviewer or not, one thing is certain: Mr. Howells 'claimed,' if I am not mistaken, that the fiction of his own generation of American novelists was a far finer kind of fiction than that of our dull ancestors. I think I could prove that, even in style and even in grammar. Fielding and Thackeray are not inferior to Professor Phils, Miss Thacker and Colonel the Other! These new writers had no such obvious superiority in manner, but where are these new writers now? Who reads them? Who remembers the names of their books or their characters? Not 'newness,' nor 'oldness,' still less 'sex-man' and 'dull, purulent nastiness,' but the creation of characters makes the novelist. Dugald Dalgetty or Captain Corriegan, mere supernumeraries, will probably outlive all the easily forgotten people of all the American story-tellers who now look on the sun; will certainly outlive all the unmentionable Messalinas of 'the New Fiction.' 'Old types of character,' in fact, are never played out; they are, have been, and will be as we find them in Homer, Aristophanes, Moliere, Shakespeare and Fielding. A new type of character is a thing nearly, if not quite impossible, though we see such frantic affectation of newness. What is 'new' is only the unessential, the trick of slang or manner. The rest is all as old as sin, while nothing grows musty so soon as the attempt to reproduce the unessential in art."

I have received the following letter, and as it explains itself, publish it as received:

New York, August 17, 1895.

SIR,—In your review of my book, *Isaac Nazarene*, the Story of the Life of Jesus the Nazarene, in last Saturday's issue of your valuable paper, you say that we are Russian Jews. This is a mistake. We are of Slavonic race, and our family comes from Central Russia. I shall feel greatly obliged if you will kindly make the necessary correction.

Very respectfully,
B. A. F. Mamreov.

Jerome K. Jerome has a house in St. John's

Wood, and recently a new railroad encroached upon his privacy. He sued for damages—owing to noise—and was awarded \$2,500. The unusual nature of the suit, which was based upon the assumption that quiet is of commercial value to a literary man, has excited much attention. Mr. Jerome, however, says that he was offered \$4,000 to settle, and so is not pleased with the amount of damages awarded him.

J. R. WYE.

In Deep Despair.

A Montrealer Relates His Wonderful Experience.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and Was Operated Upon Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When All Other Medicines Failed.

From the Montreal Herald.

Instances of marvelous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Argyle street, and who resides at 54 Argyle avenue, in an interview with a *Herald* reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to my bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called



Caught in a Storm on the Clyde.

in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M.D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge



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advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but none could cure that strange bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal *Herald*, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow men and a matter of gratitude to the marvelous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

Bridget was Firm.

Full Mail Budget.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, instructing her new maid, "when a lady comes to call upon me, you must hand her this tray and bring her card straight upstairs to me."

"Yis'm," replied Bridget promptly.

The next afternoon Mrs. Morse was surprised by the appearance of Bridget bearing a card in her hand.

"Why, Bridget," she remonstrated, "didn't I tell you to hand the little silver tray to the callers?"

"Yis'm," replied the smiling maid, "an' I did hand it to her, an' it's herself was unwilling to take it; but when I told her it was my mistress' xpries others she gave in, quite mild an' pleased like. You'll find it safe wid her down in the drawing-room, ma'am."

And sure enough, Mrs. Morse, when she had made a hasty descent, found her visitor holding the silver, while her mouth was twitching with suppressed amusement.

"I didn't dare refuse it," she said meekly, "as long as Bridget was so urgent."

As Good as Wheat.

Buffalo Express.

"I see," remarked the wide awake farmer, "that wheat has gone up to seventy cents in Chicago, and there's a report that it will keep goin' till it gets to one dollar. Now, I'd like to contract to sell you my crop for seventy cents. Seventy cents will do me. I'd rather have a sure thing while it's goin' than to take my chances on doin' better by waitin'."

"But," replied the commission merchant, "I can't agree to contract for your wheat at seventy cents."

"Why not? It's goin' up to a dollar an' you'll make thirty cents a bushel. Ain't that enough?"

"Oh, yes; but you see that seventy cents is only a speculative price. It ain't what they pay for real wheat."

"Don't pay that for real wheat? What in thunder do they pay it for, then?"

"Yes, I always use the Trade Mark brace, it's the best."

"Why, for options?"
"Well, what the blazes are options?"
"Why, they're promises to get wheat and sell it for such and such a price."
"Well, then, they got to get the wheat, ain't they?"
"No; they sell the promises again, according as the market rises or falls."
"An' don't they buy an' sell any real wheat at all?"
"Not much."
"Just buy an' sell wind at seventy cents a bushel!"
"That's about it."
"Thunder an' Mars, wish I'd knowed that last fall. I wouldn't a-sowed any wheat. I'd tied my grain bags to the back o' my fannin mill an' kept the boy turnin' it all winter, till I'd filled all the bags I could get hold o'. But it ain't too late yet. By gosh, if it's wind they want 'stead of wheat, I can supply the market for the hull country right off my farm!"

Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.

Timmins—This talk about the type-writer being a drawback to genius is all rot. I do all of my poems with a type-writer. Simmons—You do? I had an idea that you made them with a set of rubber stamps.

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In man and woman dear, my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls."

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. VIII TORONTO, AUG. 24, 1895. No. 40



The Toronto Opera House was opened for the season this week with Ward and Vokes in *A Run on the Bank*. This pretty little theater has gained in brightness of appearance during the recess and is now more attractive than ever. The piece is described as a farce-comedy, but it is much less a comedy than it is a farce. The plot is of the simplest and lightest character possible, and, being so, is wisely kept in the background and used merely to afford opportunities for the introduction of numerous excellent specialties by Messrs. Ward and Vokes and their support. Many of these were of a very high order, from a farcical point of view, and merited the applause which the audience generously bestowed. The music is bright and catchy, and thoroughly popular in style, which critics of course will deplore, though audiences correspondingly "popular" never did agree with them and never will. The topical songs are good and what is perhaps faint praise, above the standard that we are accustomed to set up for such compositions. Many in the audience sympathized with the unfortunate depositor who, on getting a receipt for his deposit, enquired, "Is this all I get?" and was promptly informed, "Yes, sir, that is all you will ever get." In real life they are not quite so candid about it. The attempt to identify a lost umbrella by telephone brought forth a roar of laughter, as did also the fact that the "Bank" was always being made to serve ends that are usually considered quite outside the legitimate scope of the operations of a financial institution. Some of the "gags" had a familiar ring about them, but many were new, and the vivacity and "go" that characterized the performance more than made up for the others. Miss Emma Berg and Mr. T. W. Eckert made a decided hit in their duets, and were twice recalled; the effect, however, was somewhat marred by the audience interrupting with applause; Mr. Eckert's voice is a clear, robust tenor of good quality and was heard to good advantage. Mr. Bellman as General Noteshaver was always acceptable, and Johnny Page and Little Moore were decidedly amusing; in fact, the audience insisted upon encores in nearly every instance. Taken altogether *A Run on the Bank*, as it has been presented this week, abounds in pure, wholesome fun and is about as good as a farce can be, and lovers of this sort of amusement have no reason to complain that their wants have not been successfully catered to. Ward and Vokes are unique.

The new Princess Theater when completed promises Torontonians a delightful place of amusement, being both the most cosy and handsome playhouse in the Dominion. The stage, too, will present a most attractive appearance, its scenery equalling any of the theaters on the continent, being painted by William Davis, scenic artist of the Auditorium, Chicago. In fact, Mr. Connelly's new house will be perfect in every respect, and judging from his list of attractions should enjoy a profitable season. Among the companies that will be seen at the Princess are: Potter and Bellevue, James O'Neill, Lewis Morrison, Schiller Theater Company in the extravaganza, *Little Robinson Crusoe*; Augustin Daly's company, including Ada Rehan; Robert Hilliard, Frederick Ward, the Tomkins' production of *The Black Crook*; Charles S. Dickson, Hanlon's new *Superb*; Frederick Bond and the Grand Opera House Stock Company, Charles B. Hanford, the Tavery Grand English Opera Company, Elhu Spencer and Nova, O'Brien in Shakespearean productions, and Humperdinck's fairy opera, *Hansel and Gretel*, with Sidi's orchestra.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard will of course again manage the Grand for Mr. C. J. Whitney, the lessee, and we are promised a splendid season. The house will open September 2, and for the two weeks of the Fair the unrivaled Sol Smith Russell will hold the boards, producing three comedies, one of which will be Sheridan's *The Rivals*. Then will follow *Charley's Aunt*, and then Sir Henry Irving for a week. Among the other superior attractions may be mentioned Lillian Russell, Sara Bernhardt, Palmer's Trilby Company, Robert Mantell, Rob Roy, Bonnie Scotland, Madame Sans Gene, the celebrated English actor John Hare, Mrs. Langtry, the Brownies, Della Fox, E. H. Sothorn, Francis Wilson, Chauncey O'kott, Joseph Murphy, Wang Opera Company, Fatal Card Company, Alexander Salvini and others of equal reputation, which make up such a list of attractions as never before appeared at a Toronto theater in one season.

Delmonico's at 6 will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week. Mr. Glen MacDonough has rewritten and added twelve new musical parts for Delmonico's at 6, and it is declared to be beyond question the very best play this prominent author has ever written.

It is full of action, every line of it is bright, and in construction indicates the workmanship of a skilled dramatist. Delmonico's at 6 gives a laughable sketch of a rich New Yorker's innocent attempt to excite the suspicions of his too placid wife, who develops an alarming capacity for jealousy. It is full of touch and good humor from the beginning to the end, and is interpreted by a company of most unusual excellence, including Miss Nellie Dunbar, phenomenal baritone singer; Miss Ollie Evans, late of Peter Dalley's Co.; Miss Bella Vivian, late of the Vivian Sisters; Miss Clara Bell, the charming soubrette, late of Ward & Vokes; the Hart Sisters, the English dancing girls; Mr. Chas. F. Jerome, late comedian of Ward & Vokes; Mr. Chas. J. Stine, of Railroad Ticket; Mr. Geo. T. Williams, Mr. F. W. Caldwell, Mr. E. J. Dalton of Pawn Ticket 210. Nine performances of Delmonico's at 6 will be given, including the regular Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees.

Robert Downing has secured one of the best tragedies written by Victorien Sardou. It is entitled *Helena* and deals with Guelphs and Ghiblins in the year 1369. The story is most interesting, the situations are strong and the climaxes are powerful. The interest is well sustained from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The part which Mr. Downing will play, it is said, suits him as well as *The Gladiator*.

Thomas Nast has been commissioned by Sir Henry Irving to make an oil painting of Shakespeare's bust, now in the room in the old house at Stratford-on-Avon in which the poet was born. Some time ago the artist sent to the actor, who is his personal friend, a photo-

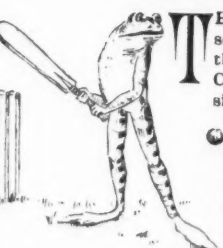
graph of a study of the subject, and the commission is the result.

John Kernell, the Irish comedian, opened his regular season on August 15 at Norfolk, Va., in McFadden's *Elopement*. He will appear in his new play, *The Alderman*, at Cincinnati in September.

Richard Mansfield, who will appear in a dramatization of Miss Train's novel, *A Social Highwayman*, this season, announces the production of *The Son of Don Juan*.

Modjeska will make her farewell appearance in New York this fall. She is said to contemplate a revival of *Henry IV.* and *Measure for Measure*.

In the Open Air.



THE team to represent Canada against the United States and Cambridge University in the two important matches beginning September 2, was chosen at a meeting of the Canadian Association held Tuesday evening at the Walker House. The Canadian representatives will be: Mr. F. W. Terry (captain) of London Asylum; Mr. P. C. Goldingham, Mr. J. M. Laing, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mr. M. Boyd, and Mr. W. R. Wadsworth of Toronto; Mr. E. S. Jacques and Mr. H. J. Wilson of Winnipeg; Mr. A. F. R. Martin and Mr. A. Gillespie of Hamilton and Mr. M. G. Bristowe of Ottawa. The following spare men were chosen: Mr. G. S. Lyon of Rosedale; Mr. J. Horstead of Chatham and Mr. D'Arcy Martin of Hamilton.

It would be impossible to have a more fairly organized association than the one that now exists. Each club on the membership roll is entitled to one, and only one, representative on the committee, and each subordinate association to three votes. But the Ontario Association is the only minor body that exercises this privilege, and many clubs belonging to the C. C. A. fail to send representatives to its meetings. I point this out because I am going to say that I believe many cricketers will express dissatisfaction with the eleven as an eleven. Seven men, at least, of those chosen will be generally regarded as entitled to play, Messrs. F. W. Terry (capt.), P. C. Goldingham, J. M. Laing, D. W. Saunders, M. G. Bristowe, H. J. Wilson and A. F. R. Martin, while two others, Messrs. A. Gillespie and W. R. Wadsworth, would be accepted without protest were not other cause given for dissatisfaction. As regards Mr. Wadsworth, I think he has few superiors as an all-round player, yet the fact is commented upon that he is not the player this year that he was last in any department of the game. Mr. Gillespie appears to play cricket infrequently and I doubt if he has participated in ten games all season. He has always scored more or less against the United States eleven, but Messrs. Horstead and Lyon have done well in the past yet are dropped out because of present form, we are told. However, as I have said, no cricketer would be apt to say a word against the selection of Messrs. Wadsworth and Gillespie were the team

otherwise satisfactory, and I for one will not be surprised to find these two among the most valuable men in the two games to be played. The selection of Mr. Boyd is bound to provoke unfavorable comment and to please only his personal friends. To all intents and purposes he has not played cricket at all this season save during his week's tour to Chicago with Mr. Hyman's eleven. In that tour he had the small average of 12 runs per innings. Since coming back he has not played at all. He did not play against the Wanderers. Before going away he did not play for Toronto against All Toronto. He has not appeared in any important club fixture. So far as local cricket is concerned he appears to have retired from the game—playing exclusively in international events. It has been common talk that he would be selected on the eleven, but his failure to take part in important club fixtures made the rumor incredible and should have made his selection impossible. Should he play well in these games, it will only prove that the Association committee has gambled with success. Comparisons are odious, but not more odious than favoritism in such a connection as this, and so I would enquire how Mr. Boyd's average for the season compares with those of Messrs. Chambers, Dean, Horstead, Rykert, Ackland, Kenney, Leigh, D'Arcy Martin, Pope and a dozen others.

Mr. Jacques of Winnipeg has been put on as an experiment because of his bowling. He has taken 70 wickets this year at a cost of 350 runs, which yields an excellent average. Very much depends upon the quality of cricket played in the West, and I think the Canadian Association is to blame because it has made no attempt

to send an eleven to Winnipeg. Mr. Jacques plays with the strongest club in that city against the somewhat impromptu eleven with eccentric tail-ends which small towns can put up. He may or may not be worthy of a place on the team. There are bowlers in Ontario towns who habitually secure an average of about two runs for every wicket taken in a season, yet in an international match they could not average one wicket per week. However, Mr. Jacques is entitled to a chance and I hope that he is a bowler in the same class with Messrs. Goldingham, Laing and Bristowe.

The cricketing fraternity of Orillia have just cause to feel annoyed at the treatment they have received from Toronto lately. On Friday of last week that interesting spectacle was arranged for, a match between the ladies of Orillia and Toronto, but at the eleventh hour word was sent Orillia that the fair ones had faked and could not be got together. Another match between a picked team from Toronto against All North had been arranged for last week, but when the time of departure came only two players were at the Union Station, Messrs. De la Fosse and Collins. This was a keen disappointment to the northern cricketers and their friends, who had looked forward to and prepared for a good game and a pleasant time. They claim, and justly so, that it is small credit to the Toronto cricketers that so many of them should fail to keep their promises. They exonerate the gentlemen mentioned and also Mr. Strathy, who was in Orillia at the time and ready to play for Toronto. Orillia has manifested a strong interest in cricket this year.

The victory of Gaudaur in his three-mile rowing race with Durnan on Civic Holiday was anticipated, for the man from Orillia is entitled to be regarded as the best oarsman in America. Durnan, however, rowed a game race and finished within two lengths of the victor, although the latter might have spurted a bit if he had found it necessary. Editor Good, of the *Canadian Sporting News*, acted as referee. This week I reproduce from *Winnipeg Saturday Night* a picture of the Rat Portage giant, Hackett, along with his double scull partner, DesBrissay. Hackett is rowing stroke, and if his skill is not inferior to his physical endowments he should make a formidable antagonist for Gaudaur. As no arrangements, so far as I have learned, were made on Civic Holiday for a race between these two men, the likelihood is that they will not meet until next season. I hope that an effort will be made to have the race rowed on Toronto bay.

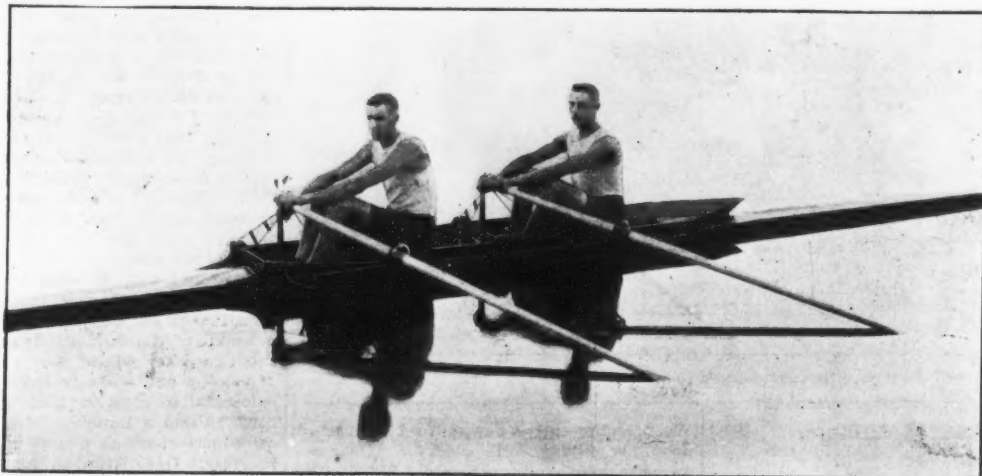
The Shamrocks and Capitals played a great game of lacrosse here, and we no longer wonder that the unpracticed boys who represent Toronto are unable to win games against such giants. Next spring the team should be built up carefully and arrangements made so that the men can train nightly and lovers of the sport get to Rosedale without falling exhausted in the ravines that hide it from the paths of men.

Families Not Wanted.

Cincinnati Tribune.

"I am not sure," said one weary woman to another, "that there will ever be any more families. Times and circumstances are combining against them."

"You've been flat hunting, I suppose?" said



Hackett (stroke) and DesBrissay of the Rat Portage Rowing Club.
In the West Hackett is regarded as a world-beater.

the friend, with much sympathy in her manner. "I know just how you feel. Did you get one?"

"Yes, I did," said the first woman, with fire in her eye. "I hunted and hunted, and everywhere it was, 'We don't want children.' Finally I saw a flat on Ninth street that just suited me. I got Annie, our girl, to take all the children out to Spring Grove to their grandpa's grave. Then I went down to visit the flat."

"Have you any children?" said the man in the real estate office.

"I looked sad."

"Six in the graveyard," said I.

"He rented me the flat and I got a year's lease in my pocket before leaving. We moved in, and maybe there was not any blue fire the next day or two. I'm there, and I intend to stay."

"That's like hiring a girl," said the friend.

"I engaged one the other day that looked as if she would be very satisfactory."

"Any children, mum?" asked she.

"Five," I replied.

"Oh, that's a good many, mum, for they makes lots o' work."

"Well," said I, mad in a minute, "I'll drown three of them if you will just come and take the place on Monday."

Her Method.

Life.

"Mrs. Brown never sits up to wait for her husband."

"No?"

"No. When she expects him to be out late, she retires early, sets the alarm at three o'clock, and gets up, refreshed and reproachful."

Man, Poor Man!



Mr. Henpeck (to servant)—Look here, Mary, I understand that my wife is going to the seashore to-morrow. Do you know if she intends taking me along?

(Copyrighted.)

The Bills.

With apologies to Mr. Poe.

For Saturday Night.

See the dainty little bills—
Perfumed bills!

What a mass of witchery their coming now intile;
Brows may wrinkle, wrinkle, wrinkle,
At the aggravating sight,
While the eyes beneath them twinkle
At the figures that sprinkle
Down the column on the right.

Oh, sweet wife, wife, wife,
What is this that plagues my life?
'Tis the lined, scented paper of thy millinery bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—

For thy bonnet, and what's on it, say the bills.

See the brainy bookman's bills—
Classical bills!

What a world of poetry their itemizing file;
What is this that thrills my sight,
Thrills me with this strange delight?
From this catalogue of books—
"Terms thirty days—"

Bibliopoleis speaks—
Nameless shades of nought but names—ch, books and
That grip my gaze!

Oh, these men who wielded quills!
What a pathway to my heart their dunning spectre drills!
How it thrills!
How it thrills!

How it thrills and how it thrills—
How it thrills and how it thrills!

In the cunning little donning of the bills, bills, bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
In the bitter, rare and literary bills.

Ah, but see the plumber's bills—
Leadon bills!

What a tale of leakiness their leadenness infills—
Of the catalytic night,
When, with moaning, leadish night,
Pipes and boilers madly burst—
Pipes and boilers cursed, cursed—
With a flood!

With a flood, fond appealing to the plumber and his
With a devilish conspiring with the plumber and his fools,
Making pools, pools, pools—
While our furniture in shoals—
In the cascades of torrents,
Crashed in the freezing currents—
Oh, the tale, how it stops my blood!
But the bills, bills, bills,
What a tale of plunder rills
Through each charge!

What are floods, and wrecks and leaks,
To the ghastly grinning freaks,
Of the ghastly malformation of each charge?
Oh, each drop of melting lead,
While the burning
Iron was turning—
While its tender heart was bled,
While it ran in hissing rills
With hot yearning,
Planned returning,
In the favor of the bills— [of the bills—
In the glowing and the growing, and the favor
Of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
In the dead an' leaden language
Of the bills,
See the cushion-crested bills—
City bills!

What a tale of helplessness their haughtiness reveals!
Not a shingle on the roof,
From the seething flood is proof;
Not a tack unloosed remains in the floor;
Every picture on the wall
Caught his eye—he saw them all—'tis the law!
And the Council—ah, the Council!
They who make these vast accounts swell—
Evermore—
And who taxing, taxing, taxing
All my substance—all my store—
Feel no glory in relaxing—
Conscience? Conscience they ignore!
They are neither man nor master,
But they draw like a grim plaster
On our backs!

And their mirth with menace cracks,
While they tax, tax, tax,
In the humor of the bills—
The ghost of the sheriff file
All the humor of the bills—
He wants dollars—I've but mills!
And he grins, grins, grins,
Like the phantom of my soul,
In the humor of the bills—
Of the bills!

Ah, he grins, grins, grins—
His gruesome, ghastly grins,
Through the splendor of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills,
Th' Witch of Endor of the bills;
Yes, he grins, grins, grins,
If he wills, wills, wills—
While his crackling humor dines,
In the magic of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
In the tragical of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—

In the nerve or in the fervor of the bills!
Toronto, Ont. A. JNO. CLARK

Cui Bono.

For Saturday Night.

Wherefore should we seek to know
Which faded from the western sky
When passed the sun to-night below
The hills, and day began to die.

I cannot feel the stirring breeze
Which ceased an hour ago to blow;
Since dawn it toiled the swelling seas,
But now its breath no more I know.

I cannot hear the thunder sound
Past waves have made upon the shore,
Nor 'e'en an echo now resounds,
They're gone and will be heard no more.

But though the breeze, and though the gleams,
And though the sounds have left their flight,
Yet we'll still go the shivering seas
Which lift your lovely eyes to-night.

Grimsby Park, Ont., August 12, 1895
ALBERT R. J. F. HARRARD

A Memory.

For Saturday Night.

I cannot keep in mind the glow
Which faded from the western sky
When passed the sun to-night below
The hills, and day began to die.

I cannot feel the stirring breeze
Which ceased an hour ago to blow;
Since dawn it toiled the swelling seas,
But now its breath no more I know.

I cannot hear the thunder sound
Past waves have made upon the shore,
Nor 'e'en an echo now resounds,
They're gone and will be heard no more.

But though the breeze, and though the gleams,
And though the sounds have left their flight,
Yet we'll still go the shivering seas
Which lift your lovely eyes to-night.

Grimsby Park, Ont., August 12, 1895
ALBERT R. J. F. HARRARD

Getting There With Both Feet.

N. Y. Recorder.

"You think Col. Wigley is likely to succeed as a politician?"

"Succeed? Why, man, he's already got to the point where they're burning him in effigy."

Is the Sea-Serpent a Myth?

CANADIAN TESTIMONY.

THE alleged recent discovery in Mississippi of the remains of what is supposed to be a veritable sea-serpent, and the mounting and setting-up of its skeleton at Washington, under direction of experts of the Smithsonian Institute of that city, has naturally given rise to a good deal of very theoretical and fanciful discussion of the subject on the part of the United States press—an institution which is not likely to permit anything of an immense character to escape its attention.

The reading of an article of two columns in length which appeared in a recent issue of the New York Herald, and was judiciously transferred to one of our leading Toronto daily papers, in reference to this subject, had some interest for me in the fact that it reminded me of one or two personal experiences of my own—one of which at least, for obvious reasons, specially referred to in the Herald, I have never mentioned before. Whether there is actually such a creature existing as a sea-serpent, having the characteristics which have been attributed to it in common with its terrestrial congener, I cannot say. But this I do know and can vouch for, that there are animals common to our North Atlantic waters which might readily, under certain conditions, be mistaken for sea-serpents, and which have the habit of occasionally exhibiting themselves at sea so as to make it difficult to determine to what class of the animal creation they really belong. As a rule the circumstances attending these exhibitions afford little opportunity for the exercise of either close or extended observation. The speedy passage over the water of vessels from whose decks the observations are made, the rapidity of motion of the observed object, and the short period in which the subjects under observation usually appear upon the surface, all conspire to make it very difficult to determine the facts in regard to which there appears to be such a unanimity of doubt and curiosity.

In 1846, now nearly fifty years ago, the writer, then quite a young man, not long out of his teens, took passage in the good brig Brazilian, Captain Pinkham commander, a connection (brother or cousin I believe) of the present Very Reverend Bishop of Saskatchewan. The Brazilian was a substantial vessel of about two hundred tons, and was loaded at St. John's, Nfld., with oil for the London, Liverpool or Glasgow markets, with instructions to call off Cove of Cork (now Queens-town), for orders. We left St. John's on November 13, with a good ten-knot breeze from the north-west, which considerably stiffened as the ship proceeded in her voyage and finally compelled the captain, a young man not much older than myself and much addicted to "carrying on," to set up preventer backstays in order to preserve the integrity of his spars. The ship's crew had, beyond this experience, rather an easy time of it, the wind being so steady on the ship's quarter and yet blowing so strong, that neither tack nor sheet was started, till we took the pilot off Cove, having made the run in a little less than seven days, an unprecedentedly short run up to date for a sailing vessel.

No event of any consequence occurred during the voyage. On the second or third day out, however, the somewhat unusual circumstance occurred which I am about to relate. I think it was about nine a.m. I had just breakfasted and had come up on deck. It was a beautiful clear morning, with rather a short, lumpy sea on, the ship making good time and leaving a wake as straight as an arrow. As I stood near the lee quarter-deck rail, I observed at a very short distance upon the starboard bow a sudden upheaval of a wave-crest, and immediately there arose above the surface what appeared to be a portion of the body of an enormous reptile, the extremities of which remained submerged.

The visible portion took the form of an arc or curve of at least twenty five or thirty feet in length. It had all the appearance of a bent or crooked tree-limb, being perfectly smooth and dark-colored, and of at least six to eight inches in diameter. Were it not for the sinuous motion of the limb, together with a special and creepy movement which it exhibited, one would readily have taken it for a mere floatam of wood or a twisted or broken spar. I immediately called to the mate who was standing near the wheel, but before I could fix his attention upon it the creature suddenly disappeared. In about ten minutes afterward it reappeared upon the port board, disappearing just as rapidly. I did not mention the circumstance to the captain, who came on deck shortly afterward, being under the impression that he might be disposed to make

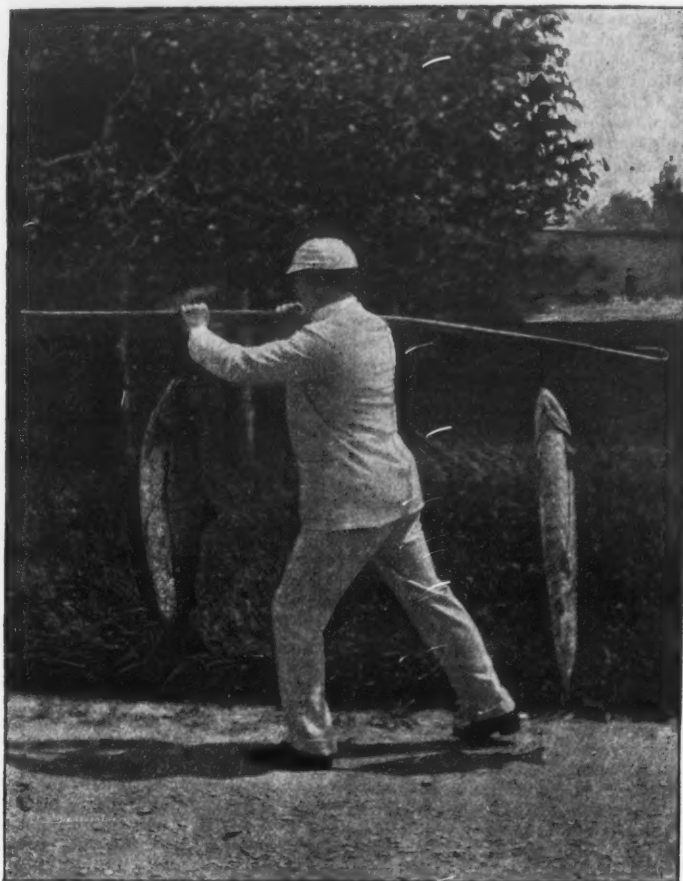
my discovery the subject of a little chaffing. Besides, I had been accustomed to the vagaries of sailors quite long enough to know that if any miraculous appearances exhibit themselves at sea they are generally regarded as the private ventures of captain and crew rather than of a merely tolerated passenger who is supposed to know nothing of the mysteries of the great deep, and who might at any time be found whistling on deck or in the cabin without the slightest apprehension of the consequences.

To return: I observed no special marks or protuberances upon the creature such as those so frequently spoken of by others. There was no up rearing of the head or of either extremity of the body, but merely the raising of a convex neck or arm. But that it was a portion of some living creature was clearly evident, and the rapidity with which it disappeared, crossed the ship's bows and appeared on the port bow, demonstrated that it was swift and powerful in its movements.

Being at St. John's again some years after, I was there informed that some fishermen belonging to Portugal Cove, in Conception Bay, had been attacked in their boat by an animal somewhat similar to that which I have referred to above. Upon enquiry I learned that whilst fishing at a short distance to the south-east of Belle Isle, the boat's crew suddenly observed a commotion in the water and within almost an oar's length. A dark mass had suddenly risen above the surface, disappeared, and immediately thereafter an enormous serpent-like arm was thrown across the boat's beam. One of the men fortunately had an axe at hand, or some other sharp instrument, and succeeded in severing the arm from the body at the near gunwale. The boat immediately righted, still rocking violently for a few moments, the wounded fish in the meantime disappearing. This arm, or serpent, or tentacle—call it which you please, but I prefer the latter term—was subsequently brought in to St. John's and exhibited there. I did not see it myself nor do I know what became of it, but my friend, the late Mr. Alexander Murray (Chief of the Island Geological Survey and formerly engaged in the same service here in conjunction with the late Sir Wm. Logan), had it in his possession for a short time and described it to me very accurately as conforming to the conditions characteristic of the creature to which I am now about to refer.

A year or two afterwards all doubt as to the character of the preceding catch was cleared up by a still more important one, and one to which an amusing incident was subsequently attached.

Some fishermen from Catalina or its neighborhood in Trinity Bay had arrived at St. John's with a remarkable catch, the disposition of which was a matter of serious concern to them, and in reference to which they sought my office and my advice. Would I come on board and look at it, and would I advise them what to do with it? Well, to make a long story short, I would and I did. I went on board. I looked at it. And then, in order that I might have a better look at it, I advised them to have it taken on shore and carted to the drill-shed, where I might be able to look at it again. It was taken to the drill-shed and there extended, *ventre-a-terre*, upon the floor. With tape measure in hand I proceeded to the drill-shed myself and there held my *enquête*. As near as I can remember now, the monster measured about fifty feet over all, from the tail to the extremity of the longest tentacle or arm. It was about as hideous a looking creature as one would desire to meet with. The body was somewhat oval in shape. I think about ten feet long by about half as many wide, dark on the upper surface and white (a fishy white) underneath. The head was furnished with a pair of great, protruding, fishy-looking eyes, and a hard-looking parrot-like beak. From the head and shoulders there extended eight enormous antennae or tentacles in nearly parallel lines along the length of the floor like the rays of a fan. Of these I measured the longest, which I found to be about thirty feet in length; like the animal which they decorated, they were dark on the surface, white underneath, and perfectly round, like a man's arm. Where the longest tentacle joined the head it might have been as large or perhaps larger than a man's arm above the elbow; from that point it tapered gradually away to the extremity for thirty feet to a point not thicker than one's little finger. The under sides of these tentacles were ornamented throughout their length by rows about two inches apart of hard, bony, circular discs, armed with sharp, cutting, saw-like teeth calculated to do effective service upon any material subject to their operation. Within the grasp of these tentacles, and with such a combination of buzz-saws at work upon him, it would be a matter of the utmost in-



A Morning's Catch on the Metapedia River, on the Intercolonial Line.

difference to the victim whether the cutting were being done over or under water.

As many years (twenty at least) have elapsed since my inspection of the creature, there may be some inaccuracies in my description of it just now. I am quite certain, however, as to the length and general dimensions and characteristics of the central tentacle, which was the only one I measured. All the particulars, however, were correctly published in the *Daily News* of the following morning, of which I regret I have not retained a copy.

Having noted all these details, I advised the owners to throw open the drill-shed on the following day for the double purpose of enabling the public to see the monster and the owners to recompense themselves by a small charge for the expense and loss of time they had borne. I also agreed to purchase the creature from them at their own price—a sum having been agreed upon—and paid them a portion of the money at the time. On the following morning a notice of its exhibition, and of the above particulars, appeared in the *Daily News*, and large numbers of citizens flocked to the drill-shed to inspect the prize. Among them was a certain very acute and enterprising gentleman whom I shall not directly name, and who evidently saw some value in the remains that might be transferred to his own personal account. To my surprise a few days afterwards I learned that this reverend gentleman had possessed himself of the prize (my property) by paying the men a trifle above what I had offered them for it, that he had hurriedly shipped it either to New York or London, I am not sure which, together with my description of it; that its reception had occasioned much scientific investigation; that the reverend gentleman had been credited with its discovery and capture; that in consideration of his efforts in the cause of science he had been created an LL.D.; that he had been further distinguished by having his name attached to the classification of the animal which, in honor of this distinguished plagiarist, has ever since been known as the "Octopus Harveyell."

Actually the fish had been discovered and captured by a few poor fishermen of the town of Catalina in Trinity Bay. It had probably been injured or hurt in some way, perhaps by contact with a passing ship or steamer, and had been driven ashore and stranded on the beach near that town. It proved a fortunate windfall for its captors, and as for Rev. LL.D., it actually gave him a reputation as a pains-taking scientist to which his warmest friends would never have considered him entitled, and eventually made quite a man of him. The Norwegian Pontoppidan never accomplished so great renown for himself by his description of the celebrated "devil-fish" as the Newfoundland LL.D. did by his fortunate acquisition of the Catalina walf. Why should not Newfoundland have a Pontoppidan as well as Norway?

I commenced this article with the query, "Is the sea-serpent a myth?" Let me close it with a repetition of my caption and a few additional remarks. We have no instance on record, from the days of Pontoppidan to the present day of grace, of the capture of a solitary individual of the species of serpent referred to. It is not positively asserted that the recent Mississippi find may not be a terrestrial rather than a marine python. My own opinion is that the records we receive from maritime observers of strange visions of sea-serpents may be accounted for by the occasional appearance over water of the antennae or tentacles of the cuttle-fish, or some other monster of the *sepia* order. Such an exhibition may be readily mistaken for a sea-serpent. Bishop Pontoppidan tells us that he saw one of these "devil-fish" which measured six hundred feet. He may have done so, but I don't believe it. Whether he did or not, it is at least comforting to know that the old bishop was endowed with an active and brilliant intellect and imagination—a happy contrast to the morbid and moribund eccentricities of our latter day literary pirates and plagiarists.

Toronto, Aug. 22. JOURNALIST.

He—Nice dog, very! Have you taught it any new tricks since I was here last? She (sweetly)—Yes; it will fetch your hat, if you whistle.

A Boat Trip to Quebec.

FOR three years my wife had been worrying me to take the Thousand Islands trip and for three years I had remained indifferent; this summer I found that my domestic peace stood in jeopardy, and I made up my mind that if the Thousand Islands could content the feminine heart they should be given an opportunity to do it.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's line of steamers has been running so long that it seems the only route for the summer tourist to take. The company have learned how to cater to the wants of the summer itinerant through years of experience, and have brought the comfort and convenience of their passengers up to a high pitch. After our party had set forth on the Algerian I found a new pleasure in the well known run from Toronto to Port Hope.

There is not much variety about the average lake trip, no matter in what direction, but as you run to the east on a sunny afternoon with the waters all a-sparkle you get your appetite whetted for the sights that are to come. You leave Toronto at two o'clock in the afternoon and by seven next morning you are starting out from Kingston for the run down the St. Lawrence.

The Thousand Islands commence just after you leave the good old Limestone City. Wolfe Island, the largest of their number, is quite near to Kingston, and from there to Brockville—a distance of fifty miles—they loom up on the surface of the river in all shapes and sizes. There are some seventeen hundred of them in reality, ranging from bare little rocky projections to wide and verdant areas of soil. Some of the islands are hilly, with rocks sloping down to the water's edge; others are like emeralds set low on the broad bosom of the stream. The trees grow at the water's edge and their branches bend down and kiss the river. Such an infinite variety of form and color have they as to be indescribable, and as the steamer threads its way in and out among them the effect is of a panorama so exquisite and varied that the ordinary eye cannot drink in all the beauty that is there, but must be content with an ever changing impression of grace and natural loveliness.

During the rebellion of 1837 these islands were the scene of many exciting and romantic episodes. They became the asylum of many refugees, and it is related that at least one rebel made his escape from the officers that pursued him by losing himself among the myriad channels of the river. Nowadays the summer homes of many wealthy Americans are built among them, and as the steamer passes on many a lovely villa comes to view among the trees.

At Clayton, N.Y., the first stop on the south side of the river, a throng of American tourists comes on board, and later we stop at Alexandria Bay, "the Saratoga of the St. Lawrence," which is the center of the summer life among the Thousand Islands. The islands are finally left behind at Brockville, and after a call at Ogdensburg and Prescott the far-famed rapids of the St. Lawrence begin. First come the Gallops, which, although turbulent, are but precursors of the excitements that are to follow. A little later, as you near Morrisburg, the steamer commences to shoot the Rapids du Plat. They, too, are comparatively mild, but presently the raging waves of the Long Sault are desecrated. The shooting of this churning, writhing waste of waters brings the first sensation of danger. Four men take the tiller to insure perfectly accurate steering, and with steam shut off the steamer shoots ahead with waves dashing up her sides and rocks on either hand that would grind her to pieces if the pilot went wrong.

The less dangerous Coteau rapids come next, and seven miles further down, after sweeping around a sharp curve, the vessel enters the Cedar rapids, only to pass into the most perilous stretch of river on the trip—the Split rapids. The certain instinct of the pilot brings her safely through the rocks however. Yet again come the Cascades, an angry, turbulent mass of waters with a total descent of eighty-two and a half feet, and after they are conquered the river stretches out its calm, broad bosom to meet the waters of the Ottawa river. It has been an experience of alternate lull and storm for some hours, but the stress is not yet over, for the Lachine Rapids are yet to be passed, with their billows of foam and waves tossed high into the air. Finally the dangerous descent is accomplished and it is placid sailing into the port of Montreal.

From the famous old city I took one of the company's palatial steamers to Quebec, a run that is one of the most charming in the world. Nothing could be finer than the appointments on board this line of vessels, and for additional delight of the passengers a splendid orchestra is on board. A vocal and instrumental concert is rendered while the steamer is quietly slipping along past the fertile farms of the habitants. The pastoral charm of the scenery is the chief feature of the trip, and the French-Canadian farmers are ahead of their Ontario counterparts in that they use so much whitewash. There is nothing dreary and gray and weather-beaten about these habitation establishments on the river bank. Every fence and building glistens white as snow amid the emerald of the landscape. You glide by quaint old villages, asleep in the sunlight for hours, until at last the gray citadel of Quebec looms in sight and the trip is ended at the great gateway of Inner Canada. The journey home is quite as delightful and I am ready to confess that the judgment of my better half was sound. Before concluding one must pay a tribute to Mr. J. F. Dolan, the district passenger agent of the company at Toronto, for his unfailing courtesy and energy in behalf of the patrons of their line.

J. A. H.

Comical Tragedies.

New York Weekly.

Jinks—Francis Wilson says there is so much sadness in the world that actors should play only comedies.

Winks—Oh, I don't know about that. Most of the tragedies, as now presented, are comical.

Preferred the Uncertainty.

Chicago Tribune.

Johnny—Doctor, if I was to ask you whether it's goin' to hurt or not would you tell me the truth about it?

Dentist—I certainly would, my boy. "Then go ahead an' pull it without tellin' me."

"Who is the best bicycle agent in your town?" "I don't know, but I think Dr. Pellet must be. He recommends bicycle riding to all his patients."

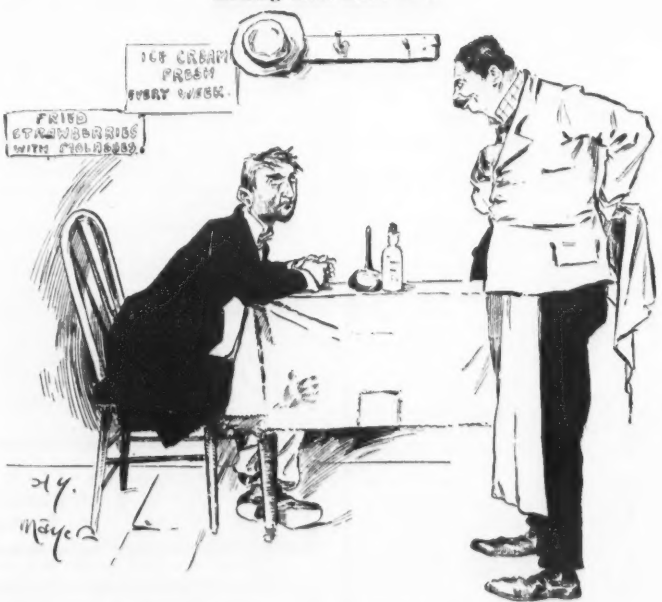
Not Short Enough.



Bell—You seem worried.
Neil—Well, I told Jack that he would know me by the shortness of my bathing suit, and I fear he won't recognize me.

(Copyrighted.)

Making Both Ends Meet



Walter—What will you have?
Shorts—Well, something cheap. I want to make both ends meet.
Walter—Right! I'll bring you some beef tongue and ox-tail soup.

(Copyrighted.)

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile or Palestine during 1895-96 will be unprecedented. Travelers should arrange their tours early in order to secure choice of berths and rooms. Sailing lists of all lines, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any time.

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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. CO.

New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.

Havre, 27 Aug. 9 a.m. Lahn, 10 Sept. 8 a.m.
Sole, 31 Aug. 8 a.m. Fulda, 14 Sept. 9 a.m.
Alder, 3 Sept. 9 a.m. Spree, 17 Sept. 9 a.m.
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AMERICAN LINE

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New York, Sept. 4, 11 a.m. New York, Oct. 2, 11 a.m.

Paris, Sept. 11, 11 a.m. Paris, Oct. 9, 11 a.m.

Paris, Sept. 18, 11 a.m. St. Louis, Oct. 16, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK-ANTWERP.

Noordland, Aug. 25, noon. Westerland, Sept. 25, noon.

Koningin, Sept. 4, noon. Noordland, Oct. 2, noon.

Friesland, Sept. 11, noon. Kensington, Oct. 9, noon.

Southwest, Sept. 18, noon. Friesland, Oct. 16, noon.

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Short Stories Retold.

Toole, the English actor, sitting at a table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, took it up and began to cut a slice from it. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," replied Toole; "I declare I mistook it for the loaf."

Senator Palmer tells a story about an Illinois farmer who for several years had been selling him wood for six dollars a cord. "This year," says Senator Palmer, "he came to me with a load, and I told him that I did not want it. He offered it at two dollars a cord. I still refused, and he wanted to know why I would not take it at two dollars. I told him I was using soft coal, for which I paid one dollar and thirty-seven cents a ton. 'Gosh!' he exclaimed, 'I heard you was trying to demonize silver, and now you are trying to defraudize wood.'"

After the passage in Georgia of the severe laws against gambling, Judge Dooly was very rigid in their enforcement. At the close of a session of the superior court, the judge had retired to rest; but the noise of a faro-table in the adjoining room disturbed him so much that he got up, dressed, and went in and told them that he had tried all legal methods to break them up, and had failed; and now he was determined to adopt another plan. Before the night had closed he broke the bank, and told the parties to clear out, and be more careful in the future how they interfered with the court.

Wordsworth was present at a public dinner one night, when he was informed that Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, was present. While the latter was building the Skerrievore lighthouse, he had been in the habit of swinging in a hammock during the evenings and reading the *Excursion*. This was told Wordsworth, who was delighted. At the end of the dinner he was called upon for a speech. He rose and said: "Gentlemen, I can no make a speech; I never did, and am afraid I never shall. But there is a gentleman here present, Mr. Stephenson, the great engineer, and if you call upon him to speak, he will doubtless tell you something that will interest you more than anything I could say; he will tell you how he passed the long summer evenings when he was building the Skerrievore lighthouse."

At a general election in England, a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough, was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family and was a barrister of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two he suddenly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite, on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He stumbled through a short speech and then hurriedly left the stand. A few days later, he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words, written in black on the wall, confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life and retired to an English colony, where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten.

A young farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion and scarcely any education, presented himself once at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here." "What was your vision?" enquired one of the elders. "Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, an' in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, an' here I am." There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of their farm. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn'!" This version was accepted by the applicant.

At the meeting of the British Association in 1860, Bishop Wilberforce spoke for half an

hour with inimitable spirit, emptiness and unfairness. It was evident from his handling of the subject that he had been "cramped" up to the throat, and that he knew nothing at first hand. He ridiculed Darwin badly and Huxley savagely. Hurried along on the current of his eloquence, the bishop so far forgot himself as to turn around and ask whether Huxley was related by his grandfather's or mother's side to an ape. Huxley, when his time for a reply came, had this to say: "I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a man, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an unequivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

Between You and Me.

THE Little Lady has come and gone! You don't know what a lot is in that simple statement. The Little Lady comes like the sunshine, like the pleasant breeze from the lake, like the beneficent rain on the dusty road and tired flowers and fields. And when she rules the roost there is satisfaction and much added repose. The Little Lady has her opinions, which are as firm as her beliefs, and a good deal more aggressive, but she doesn't whistle them out on every provocation. Instead, she is apt to listen with a cordial smile and an encouraging nod to the contrary side, and never say a word in dispute, but a little twinkle in her bright eye and an additional stiffness of her spinal column as the talker pauses for lack of opposition, tell those who watch her that she could if she would, but for peace sake she doesn't. The Little Lady has seen a deal of life, mainly in the way of its troubles and burdens; she has brought up children, who seem not to know what a mother they are privileged to claim; she has whispered kindly encouragement in the ears of the dying and closed the eyes of the dead. There are few people in her neighborhood who have not at one time or another called upon her, as one calls upon the Lord, in times of dire need. The Little Lady is trim and dainty in her dress and conservative in the fashion thereof. It is a trial to her to have jerseys go out of fashion, and big sleeves are bitter to her. She loves her book and her own particular paper, and news is always welcome. She is too old to be afraid, for when one gets on in years most of life's terrors lose their force. When the last hour comes, and those who love her are mutely sorrowing to lose her, the Little Lady will put her hand into the hand of Death and step quietly into the dark, with the atmosphere of the twenty-third Psalm around her and the peace of a little child in her soul!

A small girl was spending the day with me, and she suddenly announced, "I want to put on your specs." Not that I wear specs, but I have by me a dilapidated pair of green ones, with side wipers also glazed, which had been the cherished possession of one of Mr. Gay's ancestors, in the era of horn snuff-boxes and fob chains. The small girl put them on and remarked, "Everything looks green and funny," and she further added, "Specs is foolish." And I fell a-wondering if specs made any difference really; that is, if everything depends upon the medium we see it through, and I concluded that it does. Green specs should be the medium of jealousy and envy and take the glow and the life out of the brightest and fairest scene, and rose-colored specs, love-light, so they say, make even the dark dull clouds and stones to glow. The melancholy effect of smoked specs, which dim even the radiant sun until it looks like a copper frying-pan, is surely the temperament which is always fearing and foreboding, and last and loveliest and most deceptive would be prismatic specs, which might be worn by the idealist and the romancer and the poet.

A little poem has been sent to me about Women's Rights, which is rather depressing. According to it a woman has a right to do all the hard things possible, nurse, be a guardian angel, take care of babies, and generally obliterate every ambition or indulgence in the least of a selfish nature. Now, I believe in a little judicious selfishness, which in one sense is self respect. Nothing exasperates me more than the woman who is the slave of her fellow-creatures; who either from indolence or weakness allows herself to be always saddled with hard tasks, bound with tight cords and generally ignored when a good time might be possible. That is the only feeling which prevents me from kneeling down for a blessing from those black-robed women I occasionally encounter in our streets. [They aren't living the humanity of their lives as they have a right to. Instead of being held up to scorn and being looked upon as awful sinners when they (very seldom) change their minds, I always feel like shaking hands and saying, "You're a human being, too. Well, taste and see how many flavors there are in our life cup." I am always haunted by a doubt whether those clear calm eyes and peaceful mouths should not twinkle with laughter and press kisses on baby cheeks, and I am covered with horror when I think it, for fear I have by the thought sinned against their self-oblivion. And the next time I meet them, two and two, with their slow steps and cast-down eyes, I feel it all over again, in spite of myself.]

Did you ever stay in a convent? There is no such peaceful place this side of Heaven for the outsider who steps out of busy turmoil and the chaffing of many wills and interests, into the seclusion and atmosphere of prayer, and subdued life generally. One feels like a little child, the strong ardent will seems charmed out of one by a gentle sweet hypnotism that lurks in the air, bathes in the *Ave* and encircles one like a mother's arms. One could weep for the struggling world outside, and long to bottle up some of the repose and peace and pour it out upon the troubled waves of life that toss us so mercilessly. There were purple wisterias and clematis on the convent garden walls, so deep

and rich in color, and the only color permitted there, that I cannot look on that shade even now without a sensation of rest stealing over me. "The purple peace of evening" in the End of Day always reminds me of the clematis and the wisteria, and therefore seems such an expressive little line.

I am told there is a delightful bicycle run for Saturday afternoon out east on the Danforth road, past Little York and the Dutch Farm. That sounds nice, and perhaps the party may be induced to take it some Saturday soon. We have a laudable ambition to learn "where we are at" this summer, and we are finding out how good and how bad a supper one can get for a quarter, how many flies can fit into a hotel dining-room, and what a charming country, teeming with vegetation and beautiful in hill and dale, lies round about the Queen City.

LADY GAY.

Hints of the Demi-Season.

THE styles worn in autumn gowns are those of the late summer. Novelties appear in winter, when they are required for evening dresses, calling costumes and the various elaborate functions of life in large cities. The first dresses of warmer stuffs will have double-breasted waists, basques, or jackets, worn with inside plastrons of rich material and color. Blouse fronts and box-pleats will not be abandoned. The drooping blouse effect is so generally liked for the round waists of summer that it has spread to summer jackets as well, which are now made slightly loose and belted to droop, much of the fashion of the belted basque of long ago. There are two ways of cutting these jackets, one with open front, the belt passing under it from the sides and disclosing a blouse front of silk beneath. The other plan laps the fronts, making them double-breasted, and letting them droop slightly at the belt line, where they are fastened by four buttons, two in a row, and these are usually showy buttons of cut steel or miniatures, or of the dress material framed in a ring of gilt or silver.

A graceful fichu drapery will be the trimming of new demi-season gowns, and many predict that it will supersede the blouse. It does not fail to be popular, as it is becoming alike to small and large women. For those who are too slight it can be made to apparently increase the size, and it can also be arranged to produce the opposite effect. On woollen dresses it will be made of chameleon silks, of satin, or of the soft mirror velvet. If one is round-shouldered, this pretty drapery will be sewed in with the shoulder seams and confined to the front of the waist. But for erect and stately figures it will drape the shoulders also, falling in soft folds to cover the shoulderblades, then drawn forward and knotted on the bust. A fine knife-pleated ruff will edge the fichu. On silk dresses there will be dear little Marie Antoinette capes of chiffon and of many new gauzes.

Surplice waists were introduced early in the summer and worn to droop as well as lap on the belt. These are a part of the Marie Antoinette fashions that French women have adopted in a measure. The effect is extremely pretty on separate waists made of soft satin-finished silks and also *ecru* batiste linens. The convenient fashion of waists and skirts of different material will continue. Popular as this style is here it has not reached the height to which French women now carry it. They use woolsens of a different color from that of the skirt, and also white wools for waists. Here a yachting gown is occasionally seen fashioned in this way, but abroad the custom is far more general. A plain wool waist with a plaid or striped skirt will be used for simple dresses in the autumn. Norfolk jacket suits are now arranged in this way at the houses where ready made dresses are sold.

Paris dressmakers are concerning themselves principally with the sleeves and skirts of the future. The large sleeve will die hard, and in Paris they suggest, instead of a single balloon puff, a series of puffs—four, five, or six—placed at slight distances apart around a tightly fitted sleeve. This is in the nature of a compromise, as the upper puff is around the armhole, and gives the broad effect now in favor. The Parisienne who adopts Marie Antoinette styles accepts the close-topped sleeve with a small puff at the elbow and a flowing ruff around the wrist. But in all the Louis XVI. gowns Worth sends to this country he uses the puffed sleeve of to-day, but in moderation, that the anachronism may not be too conspicuous. Redfern predicts a return to the early Victorian styles, with long shoulder seams as their notable feature. These seams are well enough for those who have prettily turned shoulders, but the large sleeves with shorter seams above them hide the lack of this beauty and are becoming to all. The full skirt will continue another season, but with variations. Tablier breadths, panels and flounces are talked of instead of the plain skirt now in favor. Flounces are seldom liked for heavy fabrics, but the front breadth of a contrasting material breaks up the monotony of a plain skirt, and has the further advantage of offering a good plan for increasing the width of a skirt left over from a previous season. The new styles promise to bring combinations of two or three materials for one dress into use, and such plans make for economy.

LA MODE.

The Clown's Escape from the Bear.



Westminster Abbey

is the sepulchre of England's greatest dead, but equally noted is Westminster Tobacco, put up in half-pound tins by G. W. Muller, 9 King street west.

Paternal Grief.

Rokland Tribune.

"Augh-vaugh!" It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwow ahwb wowbdgow flwaugh!" added the baby, while people living across the street

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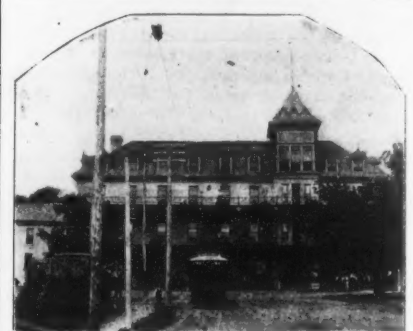
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got up and closed their windows. Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a Union Station train crier!"

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Art Notes.

THE PICTURE.

By Cunningham.

A portrait as my lord's command
Completed by a curious hand—
For dabbles in the nice art
His lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their consciousness tell
Whether the work was finished well:
"Why," says the lord, "on my word,
'Tis not a likeness, good my lord;
Nor to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just?"
Another effort straight was made,
Another portrait essayed;
The judges were again brought
Each to deliver what he thought.
"Worse than the first," the critics bawl;
"Oh what a mouth! How monstrous small!
Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
See what a most preposterous chin!"
After remonstrance made in vain,
"I'll," says the painter, "once again
(If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit;
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all."
To-morrow comes—a picture's placed
Before those epicurean sons of taste—
In their opinion all agree,
This is the vilest of all three.
"Know—to confute your envious pride,"
His lordship from the canvas cried,
"Know that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace;
I've tried you by a lucky trick,
And proved your genius to the quick:
Void of all judgment, goodness, sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets—hence!"
The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Dejected, neglected and disgraced.

A marked change has taken place, or rather is still taking place, in the suite of rooms which Mr. Wyly Grier occupies in the Imperial Bank Building, and we were allowed during a friendly visit to peep through. It is an artist that has planned the rooms, selected the colors of wall and woodwork to contrast or harmonize, chosen color and texture of drapery and furniture so that each room shall be a delight in its color or harmony of colors. And the artistic sense has evidently also been supplemented by that of someone with equal taste and a knowledge of the exigencies of exquisite house-keeping. In a few weeks the apartments will be in order and occupied, the crowning charm to a charming home. On the way back to the studio we pause a moment to admire a beautiful bit of Howell and James's tapestry, and then go on to the large, well lighted room, where the pictures are on easel and wall and floor, and we surrender ourselves to these. Mr. Grier has almost completed a portrait of Chief Justice Meredith, a sitter to whose ease of attitude and strength of character shown in the well marked features and characteristic pose of the head, Mr. Grier has done excellent justice. As for likeness—it has met with much praise and approval at Osgoode Hall, and that is saying much. Another portrait of the Hon. James Gibson is begun; we hope to see it again before long. Mr. Grier has been at work also on his diploma picture, which will be exhibited some time during the coming winter, before it is sent to Ottawa. It is called A Pastoral Symphony, and one feels immediately it is a poem in color, something far removed from the realism of art or life. On a rising hill-side, back of which is a yellow sunset sky, are a group of musicians with violins, cymbals and other instruments. Sometimes the heads are outlined with the misty yellow reflections from the sky. Up the distant hill-side go a flock of sheep, and the shepherd who follows them pauses half-way up the hill and turns to listen. But no description can do justice to the lovely color, the soft hazy effect, the indescribably weird charm of the whole. The name will recall Beethoven's beautiful symphony; and so it should, for from it came the first suggestion to the artist, whose knowledge of art is not confined to the brush.

Mr. Rex Stovel, who has been a pupil of Mr. G. A. Reid both in his classes here and at his summer school in Ontario, sailed last week for Europe. He expects to spend about three years abroad, mostly in Paris. To judge from what he has already accomplished, we may expect to hear and see many good things during that time from him.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier's famous picture Beryl, which won a gold medal at the Paris Salon, has been generously loaned to the managers of the Industrial Exhibition, where it is sure to attract much attention.

Mr. Carl Ahrens has returned to the city after a couple of seasons' residence at Doon, and has his studio at 50 Russell street. He will form classes at once and will also proceed with a couple of paintings upon which he is engaged.

Very sad indeed was the death of Mr. Thomas Hovenden, which occurred last week. It is not to be counted among America's greatest painters, at least he was well in the front ranks and had more than a continental reputation. With increased interest will his work be looked at when the opportunity comes in a few weeks.

Mr. O. Staples will exhibit a number of pictures in pastel at the art gallery of the Industrial Fair. They are all studies of cattle, a direction in which this artist shows marked ability.

The article on William T. Dana, in the August *Messenger*, does full justice to that eccentric and original genius, whose work sometimes fills one with admiration, sometimes with pity. The writer quotes Mr. Dana as saying: "I think time is the only test. Each man must do what he can, give the best that is in him, and then if he can stand the judgment of succeeding generations and live, like a Raphael, a Velasquez, a Titian, or a Rubens, he is great." So say we all!

A Roman villa has recently been discovered at Chedworth, Eng., quite by accident. A hunter was out ferreting for rabbits, and his ferret, as ferrets will, refused to come out of a hole into which it had been sent. The owner began to dig for it and presently came upon an ancient tessellated pavement. The ruin has since been thoroughly explored and found to be in an excellent state of preservation. Inlaid pictures represent the four seasons. The house contains a bath, with a heating space underneath, and there is a paved room which is supposed to be a lounge-place after the bath. The villa was large and well fitted, and the owner was evidently a man of wealth and luxury.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

A Thrilling Escape.



The hotel was on fire, and Nellie Golder would have perished but—



the Climber Brothers rushed over from the circus—



and she was gallantly saved while the band played Home Again.

(Copyrighted)

Common Sense vs. Will Power.

Much of the prejudice that has existed in years gone by against the Gold Cure for alcoholism, has now happily passed away. Employers of labor and brains were at one time reluctant to believe that a man who had undergone the treatment was more worthy of confidence than one who had sobered up from force of circumstances or by will power. Now it is everywhere recognized that the man who has taken the treatment for alcohol at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, has a sure passport to the public confidence, for the reason that the craving for liquor has been destroyed and thenceforth no will power is required. Common sense, a clear reasoning faculty, and the recollection of former bitter experience suffice for all time to justify the confidence he thus inspires. Full information at Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

Why Not Live a Century?

"In the coming time," said a famous English poet, "a man or woman eighty or one hundred years old will be more beautiful than the youth or maiden of twenty, as the ripe fruit is more beautiful and fragrant than the green. These ripe men and women will have no wrinkles on their brow, no grey hairs, no bent and feeble bodies. On the contrary they will have perfect hearing, clear eyesight, sound teeth, elastic step and mental vigor."

Does this sound absurd and impossible? Why should it? People over one hundred years old are frequently met with in these days, as they have been as far as human records go back. A man is of no real value until he is past fifty and gained control of his passions and acquired some practical wisdom. After that he ought to have from fifty to seventy-five working years before him. Whoso dies short of one hundred (bar violence) dies of his own folly or that of his ancestors. One chief thing, however, we must learn. What is it? Take an illustration—such as we see multitudes of on every side.

Mr. Richard Leggett of New Bolingbroke, near Boston, Lincolnshire, is a man now somewhat over seventy. He is a farmer well known and highly respected in his district. In the spring of 1891 he had an attack of influenza from which he never fully recuperated. The severe symptoms passed away of course, but he remained weak. No doubt food would have built him up, provided he could have eaten and digested it. Yet here was the trouble. His appetite was poor, and what little he took, as a matter of necessity rather than of relish, seemed to do wrong with him. Instead of giving him strength it actually produced pain and distress in the sides, chest, and stomach.

Then again—which is a common experience—he would feel a craving for something to eat; yet on sitting down to a meal, in the hope to enjoy it, the stomach would suddenly rebel against the proceeding, and he would turn from the table without having swallowed a mouthful.

Nothing could come of this but increasing weakness, and it wasn't long before it was all he could do to summon strength to walk about. As for working on his farm, that, to be sure was not to be thought of. He had a doctor attending him, as we should expect. If the services of a learned medical man are ever needed they must be in such a case—when nature seems to be all broken up and machinery runs slow as our family clocks do when we have forgotten to wind them at the usual hour.

Well, Mr. Leggett took the prescribed medicines, but got no better. He asked the doctor why that was, and he appeared to be puzzled for an answer at first. Naturally enough a doctor doesn't like to admit that his medicines are doing no good, because he expects to be paid for them; and then there is his professional pride, besides.

However, he finally said, "If my medicines fail to make you better it is owing to your age." That idea was plain as a pikestaff, and if the patient had never got any better afterwards, why who could dispute what the doctor said? Nobody, of course. It would look just as though Mr. Leggett were really going to pieces from old age. But something subsequently happened which spoiled that easy theory of the case. What it was he tells us in a letter dated February 3rd, 1893.

"After doctoring several months without receiving any benefit, I determined to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. G. Hanson, chemist, New Bolingbroke. After taking the Syrup for a week I was much better. I had a good appetite, and what I ate digested and strengthened me, and by the time I had taken two bottles I was well and strong as ever. You may publish this statement if you think proper. (Signed) Richard Leggett."

So it proved, after all, that Mr. Leggett was not suffering from old age (at seventy? Nonsense!), but from indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's great discovery routed that, he felt "at strong as ever."

Now for the moral: It is not Father Time who mows people down thus early in life; it is the Demon of Dyspepsia. Keep him away, and—barring accidents—you may live a century.

Her Bargain.

Washington Star.

There was a vivacious smile on her face which was most winsome.
"Oh, dear me," she murmured happily, "I've just gotten such a bargain!"
"How, dear?" enquired her friend.
"I sent a telegram, only a quarter for ten words, and at least six of them were words of more than three syllables!"

Irresistible.

Fliegende Blätter.

Presiding Magistrate—How came you to enter the premises?
Prisoner—Please, your worship, 2 a. m.; no police about; an open window on the ground floor—you would have climbed in yourself!

The Cultivation and Preparation of Black Tea.

In China and Japan, tea is mostly cultivated in small patches by the peasantry, who gather the leaves and prepare the tea for their but in a very unsatisfactory manner. In Ceylon the cultivation and manufacture of tea is very different, and it may be interesting to give a brief account of how good tea is made:

The tea bushes are planted in lines at regular distances, in drained land, which is regularly weeded. Every year the bushes are pruned down to the height of about two feet, and eight weeks after the pruning, the first "flush" of new leaf is plucked, and the "flushes" re-occur every ten days. Coolies, with a basket attached to their girdle, pluck the bud and a couple of tender leaves. Twice a day the leaf is weighed and taken into the factory where it is at once spread very thinly on trays to wither. The withered leaf is then placed in the rolling machine, and in about an hour it has become a moist mass of twisted leaves, technically called the "roll." It is then placed in trays to ferment, during which process it changes from a green to a copper color. The strength and flavor of the tea depend, to a great extent, on the fermentation and the careful treatment of "Salada" Ceylon Tea during the fermentation is the chief reason they excel all others. The next process is that of firing. The leaf is placed in large iron drying machines until it is thoroughly crisp. It is then sorted by being passed through sieves of different mesh.

All this work in the preparation of "Salada" tea is done by machinery, whereas in the different China teas, the preparation is entirely by hand, the rolling being done by passing the leaves between the palm and fingers of the hand, and very often the feet are used for the same purpose.

Tea of any kind rapidly deteriorates when exposed to the air, therefore it is well for consumers to get their tea in sealed lead packages, the tea thereby retaining all its delicate aroma. "Salada" Ceylon Tea is sold only in sealed lead packets.

In the Adirocks.

New York World.

Della—I think that's too mean for anything!
Mazie—What?
Della—That Detroit fellow has taken that young millionaire broker out sailing in the lake when the weather man at the dock expressly told her that they would probably be becalmed.

Up in the World.

Chicago Tribune.

"This high living will be the death of me!" groaned Ardup, climbing wearily up the last flight of stairs that led to his lodgings on the fifth floor back.

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JOHN LABATT'S
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ALE AND STOUT
AWARDED
GOLD MEDAL
AT SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1894
Besides 9 Other GOLD SILVER and BRONZE Medals
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IT HELPS DIGESTION
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TO ASSIST DIGESTION, TO IMPROVE APPETITE
FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND A SAVORABLE TONIC

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FLORENCE.—Your second letter just opened. Did you not see your study months ago? It was given.

GIVEN.—You had child. Read my rules. Your verse is so fine that I can't think it is original.

TRILBY II.—As things go nowadays one could not call Trilby an improper book. I can remember when the tone would have been pronounced immoral and unclean, but—well, there are so many worse books now that Trilby is quite whitewashed. I should not think of recommending it to anyone, for I dislike it very much. 2. Your writing shows generosity and easy temper, very good reasoning power, a little lack of enterprise, good honest purpose but little originality. You are careful of detail, rather cautious in action and of truthful and candid nature. Not a striking study, but possessing sterling qualities and worthy traits.

MARY M.—You gave me no *nom de plume*. Your writing shows much independence, honesty and some originality; you are courageous, upright and constant, prone to assert and rely on yourself. You wish to rise in the world and have dash and ambition to do so, if you persevere; you are fond of order and system, have some pet theories and a very cheerful and sweet temper. You have good sequence of ideas, are somewhat undemonstrative and at times unresponsive. Your mind should be well poised and your points well taken. Sense of beauty, sympathy, and a certain amount of tact are shown. Whatever you are or are not, you are certainly intelligent.

MARY.—So glad hubby's character was good. I suppose by "nearest and dearest" you mean hubby? Should it be so, I think you owe me some wedding cake. Who knows but had I given him a wicked character it might have turned your affections away. 2. You are impulsive, conservative, rather nervous and sensitive, very firm of will and sensitive of purpose, but not very reliable in judgment. You can often accomplish by management what you have not strength to do otherwise. You like talking, and are easily interested and sometimes easily led. A refined, haughty and by no means cautious personage, very feminine and sometimes illogical, and generally charming.

ANABA.—Certainly you can win people. Who doubts it? If they have marked peculiarities the task is easy; if one has perception and patience one is sure to succeed. But you lack that sixth sense, tact, and any undertaking requiring diplomacy, patience, and great finesse of perception is beyond you. You are far from being a nonentity, how could you suggest it? Self-denial and self-control. You are rather materialistic. Should you determine to develop more your spiritual nature, write to me again and we will discuss it. Remember it is not easy; the crucifixion is not only a pathetic sacrifice, it is an inevitable example but beyond Getsemane and the Cross there was a Resurrection. It is all for your and my guidance you know.

ERIN GO BRAGH.—You should confer with some Toronto publishers and get prices. I suppose you know the number of words your story contains and how many copies you wish printed. Then you could get an estimate of the cost of your illustrations, which depends upon how they are done, the pictures you have, I mean. Those pretty little hollid-covered booklets at Bulo's are quite new and suitable for a short story. Publishing costs money; I need not counsel caution, you have plenty, in intermittent attacks. Your writing shows very bright and good perception, some idealism, plenty of energy and enterprise, a facile method and plenty of adaptability. You are misanthropic, helpful and full of vitality; fond of social intercourse, somewhat of a talker, and with a purpose of any kind. You are exalted that you really ought to be somebody. You are persistent, not very amenable to control and a perfectly charming study.

ANORA LYONS.—I shall certainly ask Kila the next time I see her about those weekly letters. That shows you she is a sadder nigger and not dis nigger. Without laying bare the state of our hearts I might venture to say we are friends. Personally I adore her; whether she reciprocates, I won't tell you. Why should I give away a lady? 2. Your writing shows a good deal of character of the friendly and takes me as you find me sort; you are decided, direct in purpose, candid and avowed to schemes of any kind. Have strong home instincts and should be a domestic person. You have a clear mind, a strong sense of humor and an appreciation of beauty and taste for literature. You are a receptive creature, ready for anything, and should be a success in your undertakings. Perhaps you will be moved to write soon again, now that your terrible response is at an end. You are right in your guess as to the identity of

A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness.

Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anemia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with loss of flesh.

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the person about whom you enquire. What odds is it, anyway?

PARISH.—It depends on what you call good society. If you want merely stylish people, all you want is money and a little of mother wit. If you mean the intellectual, refined and quiet set, who have no desire to be seen and to see, you must be intellectual, refined and have instructions from mutual friends. There are half a dozen sets in Toronto, into any one of which a man or woman having ordinary attainments, good nature and a desire to please, is welcome. Everyone is not difficult to approach, and Toronto is noted for the kindness and liberality of its hostesses. You see, the city is in its growth put in the position of host in general to the many suburban residents, who having made their fortune and retired from business, or having children to educate, come into Toronto and settle here. One golden rule with the new-comer is to train herself to reserve in expression of opinion about persons and things. An outspoken sentence has often done much harm and placed the speaker under the ban of the very people she wished to conciliate and please. And remember that family connections are fearfully and wonderfully intricate in Toronto. Be guarded in your questions, kind in your remarks and not too ready to assert yourself. Remember always that you are the new-comer. Be sure you'll get along very nicely. Your question shows very good sense and suggests an open and upright disposition.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Headford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

First horse—Well, they took poor old Dobbin to the slaughter-house to-day. Second horse—That's too bad. First horse—It is bad, but worse remains. They mean to make his hide into bicycle-saddles.

"Any snakes in this neighborhood?" asked the Northern visitor. "It's 'cordin' to what you want," replied the moonlight manipulator; "a pint might fetch 'em," but we give a guarantee with every quart."

Ragged Reuben—It's dis yer imported pauper labor dat's ruinin' all our prospects. Tailored Timmy—Sure 'nuff! Dese European noblemen are comin' over here and snatchin' the pick of our 'Merican girls!

First citizen (in the near future)—Who is that they're goin' to string up? Second citizen—That's the man that stole Tornado Pete's bicycle.

THE MAN

WHO DRINKS LIQUOR TO EXCESS
LOSES HIS APPETITE
AND
INJURES HIS STOMACH

KDC KDC KDC
RESTORES THE APPETITE
SOOTHES, CLEANSSES
AND HEALS THE STOMACH
AND ALLAYS THAT BURNING THIRST

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Late proprietor, Montreal Turkish Baths. Thirty years' experience. Chgo., outfit always in attendance.

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Music.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD, who is now touring through Europe, has written me several letters descriptive of his musical experiences at various points. I take the liberty of quoting a few paragraphs from one or two of these, believing that they will prove of general interest to the profession and readers of this column generally. Writing from Leipzig, Mr. Field says: "I enjoyed the concerts of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin at Schwenken very much. Such a *Kursaal* I have never before seen. The two splendid concerts given daily by the orchestra attracted immense crowds and created the greatest enthusiasm. In Leipzig I heard Strauss's *Fledermaus* beautifully given at the Grand Opera House. I also expect to hear a number of new works at Nurnberg, where a fine company is giving a series of performances in light opera. Reinecke has at last given up the directorship of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, and I understand that d'Albert and Nikisch are applicants for the post, with chances in favor of d'Albert. With the old Gewandhaus building torn down and Reinecke gone it seems as if a new order of things is beginning to assert itself here in this line, and none too soon. The Gewandhaus Orchestra and its concerts, which for several years were counted the best in the world, may now be expected to come to the front again amongst the most splendid and progressive of existing institutions. The material has always been in Leipzig, as was shown when Nikisch was at the Grand Opera up to 1889—it only requires a drill master such as he or d'Albert (the little giant) to revive the glories of the old times, which seemed to depart with Nikisch and a number of the younger school of conductors, composers and artists resident in Leipzig prior to 1889. The future prospects at present for old Leipzig seem unusually brilliant. I go to Munich during the grand summer cycle of Wagner's works there and spend the balance of my vacation with Herr Krause in the Austrian Tyrol. Will write a description of my Munich experiences shortly."

I have received a letter from a patron of music residing in one of our most progressive Western towns, the residents of which appear to be making a laudable effort to improve the state of music in that locality. The drawback at present appears to be the lack of a competent conductor to undertake the musical direction of several schemes which are being mooted in the town in question. As the inducements held out are of a promising character, I will quote portions of the letter and shall be pleased to give further information concerning the matter to any properly qualified candidate for the position who may apply to me for it. My correspondent says: "We have had an orchestra here for a number of years, which, owing to the lack of a leader, disbanded some time ago. However, they are now reorganizing and are looking about for a conductor, and as there is material here for a good orchestra I think it is a great pity to run the risk of procuring a poor leader. I consequently take the liberty of asking you whether you could recommend any person who is able and willing to step into the position. We are also trying to organize a school (it will, of course, be small as yet), for teaching music for the benefit of people in this section of country who are not able to send their children east. As this town is the greatest center between Winnipeg and the coast, and also a railway center, we have every reason to believe that a school of this kind would be a success. If we could procure a person capable of conducting and also able to play and teach the violin we could guarantee him about twenty pupils now. Any first-class teacher would find this a splendid opening."

I have received an interesting note from Herr Martin Krause, the eminent German piano pedagogue, who is at present summering in the Austrian Tyrol. Herr Krause sends greetings to his Canadian friends, of whom there are no small number. This renowned teacher of the piano is, in the opinion of no less a personage than the famous d'Albert, "the greatest piano pedagogue living."

An event of no small interest to the musical world generally and of particular importance to the city of Baltimore, in which the factory of the firm is located, is the annual picnic of the employees of Wm. Knabe & Co., manufacturers of the famous pianos bearing their name. This event, which was celebrated last week, was attended by an immense gathering of employees and their families, as well as citizens of Baltimore and visitors from different parts of the union. Speeches by the mayor of Baltimore and other prominent citizens were delivered during the day, in which numerous references were made to the important part the Knabe firm have played in the growth and development of the city of Baltimore. Twelve large *Maennerchoere*, including the most renowned of Baltimore's male singing societies, took part in the programme of the day and contributed much to the success of an occasion which is justly considered of so much importance in the "Monumental City."

The London *Musical News*, that most ardent champion of the claims of British music and musicians, has the following to say concerning the much debated question of the value of the home-made production as compared with the foreign article: "Epidemics are in the air just now, and are seriously affecting many musicians of all grades. One epidemic, however, which is now raging, has our fullest approval, and we hope it may develop into a normal instead of an exceptional condition. To drop metaphor, and speak plainly, we refer to the recently awakened interest, in many independent quarters, in the subject of nationality in music, and especially British music. Several of our leading composers and professors have, without any previous mutual understanding, been writing and lecturing on the subject, each on some special feature connected with it, but all tending to the same end, namely, the reserving of a fair share of public patronage for British music, and the placing of it on



Dolly Snipeigh—Oh, goodness, Harry! What if my brother should see you squeezing me like this?
Harry Doughface (alarmed)—What do you think he would—would do to me?
Dolly—He would be just sure to touch you for a ten, at least.

(Copyrighted.)

equal terms with foreign productions. A writer in the *Saturday Review* asserts that Wagnerism is dead, inasmuch as all the world now accepts Wagner and his music; and his more active followers have nothing left to fight for. They are in the position of the old Scottish couple who all their married life had 'testified' by attending opposition conventicles; at last a day came when the two sects were fused into one, and the worthy old people almost died of ennui, for their chief occupation, that of differing one from the other, was gone. We shall gladly hail the day when British musicians will be able to lay down the role of 'testifiers,' and cease to clamor for their rights among other nationalities. But that day is not yet. We are still only in the thick of the contest, and must not rest on our oars until our position is secure. Hence we welcome every sign of activity in the desired direction."

Signor Mascagni is about to write an article on the Musical Critics as the second chapter of his Autobiography. A contemporary suggests, however, that he had better pull himself together and write another successful opera. Of course in his article he will prove himself ungrateful to the critics who have not praised his later works, and will forget the too enthusiastic reception they gave his *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Ltd., 1494-96 Queen Street West, has issued a handsome and sensibly arranged calendar for the forthcoming season. The Board of Directors is a sound and influential one and is evidently bent upon giving the public an energetic service. The musical director, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, has the co-operation of some thirty teachers, several of notable prominence, for the various departments of practical and theoretical music, elocution, painting and drawing. Plans for next season include some very attractive features in the way of free advantage, lectures, recitals, concerts, scholarships, etc. The autumn term begins on Monday, September 2.

Madame Stuttaford will resume her professional duties the early part of September. Her method of voice-culture and its production is Italian, and her knowledge of the art and her ability to impart it are well known. Pupils who put themselves under her instruction may expect happy results.

The new American liner, St. Louis, is remarkable amongst other things for the fact that she carries the first complete pipe-organ ever put into an ocean steamer. Organ builders have doubted the possibility of constructing an instrument that could stand the stress of ocean voyages, but Messrs. Jardine & Son of New York have built such an organ, and the principal feature of the grand saloon of this mighty steamship is their instrument, the action of which is electric.

A contemporary refers to the presentation of bouquets to artists by their friends as the 'horticultural business,' and intimates that it were time that this bit of affectation, oftentimes noticed at our concerts, should be severely snubbed, particularly when eminent musicians of the sterner sex are made the recipients of 'honors' of this class. It is said that Paderewski upon being recently presented with a wreath of laurels rejected this tribute to his greatness by flinging it on the floor. This heroic example might well be imitated generally.

Herr Rosenthal, the eminent pianist who is at present playing in England, appears to be astonishing the critics by the phenomenal character of his performances. Paderewski, the erstwhile idol of the English people, now seems to be playing second fiddle to his more masculine rival. The London *Musical Times*, in speaking of Herr Rosenthal's playing at a recent concert, says: "Truly Paderewski has prodigious executive powers, but he charms most by the depth of sentiment and tenderness of his playing, and also by a fascinating personality. On the other hand Mr. Rosenthal astounds his hearers by his phenomenal manipulation of the keyboard, and that without any of the tricks and affectations of the ordinary virtuoso; all is done with as much ease as if he were turning the handle of a street piano. The rapidity of his thirds, sixths and octaves in Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Paganini, at his first recital, on June 24, at St. James' Hall, constituted perhaps the most remarkable feat ever accomplished on the pianoforte."

Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of the Jarvis street Baptist church, presided at the organ in the first Baptist church, Brantford, on Sunday last. A special musical service was held in the evening at which, notwithstanding very unfavorable weather, the large seating capacity of the church was taxed to the utmost.

Mr. J. Edmund Jakes, director of music at the Brantford Institute for the Blind, is spending a portion of his summer vacation at St. Catharines.

Two Views.
N. Y. Weekly.

Musicians (ironically)—I am afraid my music is disturbing the people who are talking over there.
Hostess—Dear me. I never thought of that. Don't play so loudly.

She—One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. He—Well, the half that doesn't know isn't composed of women.

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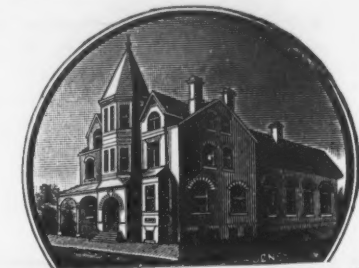
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Social and Personal.

A very beautiful exhibit of paintings on white satin, the very thing for the Louis Seize drawing-room or boudoir, is being looked at by many smart people in Ellis's art rooms. The art is French in the extreme and so are the subjects; the Minuet, the Polonaise, the Flirtation and the Banquet are some of the exquisitely depicted scenes in what our Gallic friends call "le high life." By the way, English society functions are being extensively copied over there, and English words describing them are nearly always used by the chronicler of fashionable events in the smart French journals. Long ago that sacred institution of English society, the five o'clock tea, was initiated by French hostesses, and though these piquant bodies still prefer merlins and sugared wafers to bread and butter and buttered toast (which latter Sara Bernhardt holds in utter detestation as an oily abomination), they religiously follow their sisters of Albion in the observance of what they call "le rit d'ocloquer."

No social function of the present Muskoka season has been more successful than the hop which took place at Cleavelands on Tuesday evening of last week. The lady guests formed themselves into committees, and, aided by the obliging hostess, Mrs. Minett, and the gentlemen available, made all the necessary preparations. The prompt responses to the invitations sent out exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The weather was bright and clear, the air balmy and pleasant, the surface of the placid waters duplicating by reflection the myriad forms of tree-clad islet and rocky shore. The dwellers in tents, cottages and hotels, within a radius of twenty miles, arrived in all sorts of crafts, from the palatial steam yacht of ex-Mayor McMurrich to the tiniest Indian canoe. Over two hundred of the merriest pleasure-seekers of the lakes were present. The programme comprised a choice selection of dances, interspersed with songs, instrumental solos and duets. The refreshment department was not neglected, and judging from the numerous expressions of satisfaction everywhere heard, the confectionary was undoubtedly choice and the ice-cream delicious. It is unnecessary to describe the dresses of the ladies. Although some rich garments were to be seen, it was observed that much of the enjoyment of the event was due to the absence of the strictly conventional requirements usually observed on such occasions. But whatever may have been wanting in personal adornment was more than made up by the less evanescent beauty derived from the robust health, buoyant spirits and bronzed complexions which the clear skies and bracing atmosphere of our Canadian Switzerland had bestowed on those present. Dancing was kept up until a late hour. About eleven o'clock a huge bonfire was lighted at the water's edge, which illuminated the adjacent shores and islands and shed its brilliant rays on the parting guests, thus forming a fitting finale to an exceedingly enjoyable entertainment.

The Athletic Club having generously proffered the hospitality of their beautiful club house to the visiting members of the Electro Therapeutic Convention, the evening of September 4 will see a brilliant gathering at the club house, consisting of the ladies' committee as hostesses, the medical men of Toronto and their better halves with all the delegates and officers of the convention as guests. The reception will take the form of a promenade concert and buffet supper. Music will be furnished by a fine orchestra. The Lieutenant-Governor has been asked to bid the guests welcome to the Queen City, and no doubt; his usual happy Irish tact will dictate the most perfectly fitting address to that end.

The Lake Simcoe Summer Residents' Association held a very successful regatta on Monday last, August 19, at De Graaf Point, the most picturesque and interesting spot of all the many attractive places which adorn the shores of this beautiful lake. The residents of the Point are much noted for their generous hospitality, but on this occasion all previous records were broken, each pretty cottage being crowded with guests to its utmost capacity. A fine day and a lively breeze put everyone in high spirits, and before ten o'clock, the hour fixed for the yacht race with which began the day's events, the residents and their many guests were thronging all the points of vantage overlooking the extended course. The race, which occupied about three hours and in which nine yachts participated, was watched with keen interest from start to finish, Mr. Tripp winning the first prize for yachts owned by non-residents, and Mr. H. Blake the first prize for those owned by residents. After luncheon the programme was proceeded with as follows: Skiff race, children under ten years—1st prize, Miss Jessie McMurrich; 2nd prize, Master Fortier. Tandem canoes, ladies—1st prize, Miss Constance Temple and Miss B. Macdonald; 2nd prize, Miss Wilkie and Miss Mills. Double skiff, girls fifteen years and under—1st prize, Miss Erio Temple and Miss P. Macdonald; 2nd prize, Miss Cochrane and Miss Danison. Single skiff, ladies—1st prize, Miss McMurrich; 2nd prize, Miss Constance Temple. Single skiff, boys—1st prize, Master Sheppard; 2nd prize, Master Fortier. Tandem canoe, girls fifteen years and under—1st prize, Miss Erio Temple and Miss P. Macdonald; 2nd prize, Miss M. McMurrich and Miss McKeggie. Double skiff, boys—1st prize, Master J. Oiler and Master Dawson; 2nd prize, Master Lovell and Master Walker. Double skiff, senior—1st prize, Mr. Bryce McMurrich and Mr. A. McMurrich; 2nd prize, Mr. Hedley and Mr. Jones. Double skiff, ladies—1st prize, Miss Minnie Temple and Miss E. Cameron; 2nd prize, Miss McMurrich and Miss King. Tandem canoe, senior—1st prize, Mr. Hedley and Mr. Buchanan; 2nd prize, Mr. Reginald Temple and Mr. Jones. Crab race—1st prize, Mr. Thorne; 2nd prize, Mr. A. McMurrich. Single skiff, senior—1st prize, Mr. S. Small; 2nd prize, Mr. Hedley. Tandem canoe, lady and gentleman—1st prize, Miss Buchanan and Mr. Hedley; 2nd prize, Miss E. Cameron and Mr. R. Temple. Double skiff, boys under nine—1st prize, Master Gordon Temple and Master Archibald Macdonald; 2nd prize, Master A. Plummer and Master Burnham. Afternoon tea was served in a large tent, at the door of which, on completion of the con-

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tests, the handsome and varied prizes were presented by Mr. E. B. Oiler, who in a very neat and happy speech congratulated the victors on their fine achievements. The great success of the regatta was mainly due to the untiring efforts of Dr. Temple and Ald. McMurrich, who were ably seconded by Ald. Sheppard, Mr. Plummer, Mr. B. Walker, Mr. Kay, Dr. Macdonald and other prominent summer residents. Brilliant fireworks and a large bonfire, under the charge of Ald. McMurrich, and a merry dance at Mrs. McKeggie's comprised the evening's amusement, which made a delightful ending to a very delightful day.

Miss Moss, who some time ago received an accidental injury from a blow during a game of ball with her brothers, has, I am glad to see, quite recovered and her fair brow will not be disfigured by the scar which resulted from her wound.

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An unequalled Pine elevation. Extensive grounds. Six miles from Peterboro', with stage-coach connection. Stage-coach leaves Grand Central Hotel twice daily for the Park. Correspondence solicited.

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TOHO F. O. MUSKOKA

The above house is now open for the reception of guests desirous of visiting the most beautiful of the Muskoka lakes—LAKE JOSEPH.

Situated in a lovely secluded corner of the lake, Blackstone House offers every facility for the complete enjoyment of the great natural beauties. Sheltered bays and shady nooks. Splendid fishing and boating. Special attention is also given to the accommodation of hunters in the fall. Easy access to the well known fishing and hunting grounds of Blackstone and Crane lakes. Home-like comforts and good plane. Passengers conveyed by the Navigation Co.'s steamboats to the new Blackstone House wharf. Terms, \$1 per day, or \$6 per week.

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CANADA'S FINEST SUMMER RESORT

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Hotel remodeled and refurnished throughout. Excellent Boating, Fishing, etc.

For terms, etc., apply to—
F. M. THOMAS.

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The 9 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Trips are Discontinued

CHICORA will take CIBOLA time, leaving Toronto 11 a.m., 4.45 p.m.

CHIPPEWA will leave at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. as usual.

JOHN Foy, Manager.

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Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m., from foot of Yonge St. (west side), for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, New York and all points East. Solid trains to Buffalo. Quick time. Every Saturday and Wednesday afternoon excursions to St. Catharines, only 50c. round trip. Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and on wharf.

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For tickets and further information apply to
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This picture is a fac-simile of a combination roll-top typewriter desk and letter cabinet, with a BLECKENSDERFER typewriter, fitted up complete. We are selling this very handsome piece of office furniture, INCLUDING TYPEWRITER, for \$65. No such value anywhere else in Canada.

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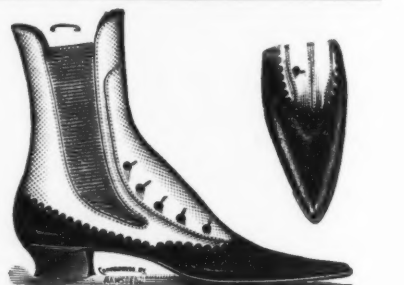
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The "Tribby" Shoes in Tan and Black, B and O. Buttons and Jetties in same style.
A full range of Men's "Tokio" Shoes. All the newest goods and latest style. Patents and Enamelled Calfs in Buttons and Laces.

Vacation Time is Here

And everyone vacationing ought to be able to fully enjoy their vacation. Nothing adds so much to a person's comfort during vacation as perfect-fitting footwear. We keep all kinds of such.

Shoes for the Lakes, Shoes for the country, Bicycle Shoes, Tan Shoes, Canvas Shoes, Tennis Shoes, Lacrosse Shoes.

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Amongst other reasonable goods
Men's Golf Boots

Men's Dongola Kid Oxford, resor toe; Men's Dongola Kid Oxford, new, wide toe; Men's Dongola Kid Pullman Slippers, black or tan, or the new wide toe; Men's Patent Calf, in Boston, Balmoral, Congress and Oxford in turn and Goodyear welt.

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Service of Cars into the Parks

KING STREET CARS run to Balmal Avenue, close to Victoria Park, every six minutes. Nearly all these cars are open.

Connections are made at Woodbine gate with the Scarborough cars, which run direct to the park every fifteen minutes.

HIGH PARK.—There is a ten minute service on Carlton and College route, and a ten minute service on College and Yonge, making a direct service of five minutes from College and Yonge into the park.

Special cars may be chartered for school or church parties.

School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

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Subscribed Capital.....\$1,000,000
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Our...

Transposing
Pianos

And you will be so favorably impressed with this invention that

- Transposes any music
- into any key by a simple
- lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

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MANUFACTURERS
117 King St. West, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Grier are at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs.

Mrs. Willie Malock, whose friends are all acquiring for her, will be glad to hear that she is doing very nicely and that she will soon be about again. The loss of the little son, so tenderly expected and with so many ready to welcome him into a family noted for their affection and unity, is a great sorrow to the lovely latest member, whose many friends can only wish her the good offices of Time—the healer, in her trouble.

No letters are more interesting and more generally discussed than those from Torontonians abroad who give us various personal items about our former citizens, but what may be discussed in the corner of a *salon*, or over a secluded cup of tea, is not always food fit for the public, and grateful as I always am for news at this dull season, I am not at all sure it would be wise to publish all the items which have found their way to me across the herring pond. Perhaps one of my clever correspondents will accept this explanation, and also my thanks for her memory of SATURDAY NIGHT in a "far country."

I hear great accounts of the merry doings at Cobourg this season. This pretty town has been visited by shoals of Toronto people, some of whom, like Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, being residents know well how to entertain and welcome their friends.

Miss Margaret Menington, a New York authoress, has been visiting the Queen City.

Among the passengers on the Labrador were: Sir William Hingston, Hon. J. W. and Mrs. Longley, Lord Bennett, Capt. and Miss Dickson and Miss Robinson.

The tennis courts at the Athletic Club are quite a picture this month. Wednesday was a specially lovely day, and a crowd of ladies turned up for tea and tennis. A game of bowls was also in progress about five o'clock, in which Mr. Jack Massey and Miss Strange were pitted against Professor Goldwin Smith and Miss Violet Towers, a radiant brunette not yet out, who was very jubilant over her partner's and her own victory. Among those on the terrace were: Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crook, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Miss Vickers, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, who wore a very trim cycling costume; Hon. J. B. Robinson, the Misses Mackenzie of London, who are visiting Miss Vickers, Mrs. James Carruthers, Miss Rothwell of Kingston, Mrs. Joe Beatty and Miss Clark, Miss Lucy McLean Howard, who brought Miss Howland, a lovely young daughter of the late Mayor Howland, and many others.

Next week is going to be completely taken up at Niagara-on-the-Lake with the entertainments and festivities clustering around the International Tennis Tournament, at which most of the crack players in America, including Miss Atkinson, the lady champion of the United States, will be present. The week is to begin on Monday evening, the 26th, with the Children's Fancy Dress Ball, which event was so great a success in the earlier part of the season that it has been found necessary to repeat it. On Tuesday a clam bake, quite a novelty at a Canadian resort, but fashionable at Newport this season, in on the *tapis*. A musicale at which, among others, Madame Albertini is to sing, is on the cards for Wednesday evening, with the usual dance following. For Thursday evening a tennis cotillion is arranged. On Friday the Queen's Royal Minstrels perform, and on Saturday Tournament week concludes with a dance. Then comes the Golf Tournament the following week.

He Didn't Dare Drown.

A fat, middle-aged woman, with a voice between a grunt and a groan, sat on a bench at Piedmont with her twelve-year-old boy and watched the bathers splashing and spluttering around the tank. The heat was sweltering, and the boy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go into the water. He promised to pull all the weeds out of the garden, to carry in wood for a week without being told, and to wipe the dishes every night. "No; I'm afraid you'll drown," declared the cautious mother, but there were evidences of indecision in her voice. If she had said, "Shut up; you sha'n't," the boy would have known his fate was sealed. "I'll wheel the baby every morning," he added, by way of a further bribe.

The fat woman mopped her perspiring face, looked at the crowd and snapped:

"Well, go on; but if you drown you can't blame me."

The boy was soon splashing and paddling around. He had assured his mother that he could swim a little, and she eyed him narrowly to find out if he had been lying. The boy had got out into deep water, when his head went under. His mother thought it was

For STAMMERERS...



GEO. ANDREW LEWIS
Founder and Principal.

The management of the Lewis Phonometric Institute desires to announce the opening of its regular Fall Term (September 2nd, 1895).

Applicants desirous of obtaining the best possible results will require to enter either at that date or as soon after as possible.

By our removal from Petrolia, Ont., to Detroit, Mich., we have not only made a desirable choice in securing a central and permanent location for our school, but have also provided larger quarters and better accommodation to meet the requirements of a rapidly growing attendance of pupils.

The Tuition Fee is Payable when You are Cured.

More than One Hundred Graduates during the past year can tell you of our work. Write for reference and particulars.

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The Handsomest and
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ing Apparatus ever
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No guessing as to heat of oven. Thermometer in door shows it exactly. Every cook will appreciate this feature. Oven ventilated and cemented top and bottom, ensuring even cooking.

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Mfg. Co.,
LONDON, MONTREAL,
TORONTO, WINNIPEG,
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If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

We Have
Just Received

—THE ADVANCE
—SAMPLES OF OUR

New Tapestries
and Brocades

(Suitable for Curtains, Draperies, Furniture Coverings and Wall Hangings) for next season.

Many of these fabrics will not be duplicated, and we would respectfully invite an early inspection.

Prices Range from 50c. to \$5 per Yard

Sample books for out-of-town patrons on application.

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TORONTO

merely one of the boy's tricks and kept her seat. He came up all right, but looking frightened, floundered a moment and went down again. He was under a little longer and bubbles came up where his head ought to be. Up he bobbed again, splashing and trying to cry for help. He was just sinking for the third time, when his mother sprang to the edge of the tank, and, shaking her fist at the boy, screamed:

"You, Simon Peter Bates. Don't you dare drown, or I'll skin you alive."

The boy saw the fist and heard the threat, and, with his face contorted with fear, kicked out desperately and kept afloat till some of the bathers lifted him out. That terrible threat saved his life. He didn't dare drown.

Queen Wilhelmina's Autograph.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When young Queen Wilhelmina visited the other day the marvelous vaults at Maestricht, which are one of the sights of the place, she was requested by the authorities to inscribe her name upon a marble slab in the wall,

which bears the signatures of many other sovereigns, Dutch and foreign, prominent among them the autograph of the first Napoleon. Just at the very moment when she was about to comply with the request three tiny gnomes sprang out from behind a pillar and exclaimed, in accordance with time-honored custom:

"Who are you that dares add your name to that of William the Silent and of many illustrious rulers of the Netherlands?"

Queen Wilhelmina, who had been prepared for this little piece of pantomime, replied:

"I am the daughter of this King William III., whose signature you see here, and his successor to the throne of Holland," whereupon the gnomes—three small boys dressed up for the occasion—bowed low, received some coin, and retired.

A Friend in Need.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Zigaboy—I have put a friend of mine on his feet three times in the last two years.

Perkaby—That's nothing! I put a friend of mine on his feet fourteen times last night.

With the Humorists.

He—I'd like a flower in my coat when I go. She—I'll put it in now.

"Golog to take your family abroad, Hicks?" "Yep." "Where do you expect to be in August?" "In bankruptcy."

Wife—What do you think of Bridget's cooking? Husband—I think if she tried to boil water she'd burn it.

She (reproachfully)—You said you would die for me. He (stiffly)—I was referring to my whiskers, madam.

"Say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate?" "I put it there. It is upon that spot where a tourist once gave me five marks."

Painter (to his model)—Now you can rest a bit while I paint in the background. Peasant woman (bashfully)—Ach, then I suppose I shall have to turn round.

He—And I will promise that I will let you have your own way in everything. She—Oh, I don't require that! He—You don't? She—I mean the promise.

Friend (being shown through the house)—Do you find that the use of a gas-stove increases your gas-bills much? Mr. Housekeeper—Not a bit! The company doesn't know we have it.

Ethel—So Arthur proposed last night? Maude—Yes, Ethel—And did you accept him? Maude—I was so awfully excited, I don't know whether I did or not. If he comes to-night I did; if he doesn't, I didn't.

"So you are having your house re-decorated, Mr. Hawkins?" "Yes; the workmen began last week." "Are you making radical changes?" "Yes—very." "What is to be the main feature of the new house?" "You—if you'll consent."

"My mamma got over so many falls when she was learning to ride the bicycle yesterday," explained the little girl to the caller, "and that's why she's so long coming down. She's got the blues all over her."

"No," said the man who stayed in town while his family went to the sea-shore, "I haven't had any direct news from them. But they are enjoying themselves immensely."

"How can you tell if they don't write?" "I read about it in my cheque-book."

Miss Coygiri—Jack Sotleigh told me last night that I ought to accept him, because he was willing to prove his love for me. Her Friend—What did you say? Miss Coygiri—I said I couldn't see it in that light. Her Friend—Then what did he say? Miss Coygiri—Nothing. He just turned the light out.

Ladies...

Will save unpleasant delays and inconvenience to themselves by having their

FURS...

repaired, altered and remodeled to the latest styles now, before the busy season commences.

J. & J. LUGSDIN
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Wall Papers

In all the latest designs, at close prices. Also relief materials in original designs.

Wood Floors

In plain and Mosaic patterns. Wood Carpet, Borders for rugs, &c.

Grille Work

For Arches and Doors, in turned and twisted wood.

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CHINA HALL



LATEST DESIGNS IN DINNER AND TEA SETS
JUNOR & IRVING 49 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

BOULTER—At 6 Kensington crescent, Rosedale, on Wednesday, August 14, Mrs. John H. Boulter—a son.

DOWNY—At 11, Mrs. Alexander Downy—a son.

WILLIS—Port Hope, Aug. 18, Mrs. J. Willis—a daughter.

READ—Aug. 6, Mrs. Thomas Read—a son.

WASHINGTON—Hamilton, Aug. 20, Mrs. S. Washington—a son.

GREGORY—Aug. 15, Mrs. W. D. Gregory—a son.

WONG—Aylmer, Aug. 18, Mrs. J. Wong—a son.

Marriages.

MOORE—WILSON—At the residence of the bride's father, 158 Beaconsfield avenue, on Wednesday, August 21, by Rev. R. B. Bore, Mr. F. Moore of the Canada Post Office, gravely buried, to Miss Annie M. Wilson, daughter of Mr. James Wilson, all of Toronto.

BLACKWOOD—STICKLAND—Aug. 6 John J. Blackwood to Miss B. Stickland.

SPROATT—HARRIS—On Wednesday, August 14, at the residence of the bride's cousin, Mrs. F. A. Wray, Hotel, Mitchell, Miss Annie E. Harris of Toronto, to Mr.

MCKENDRY'S

All next week we'll be as busy as bees marking off new goods. In the meantime A Special Sale of Bibles and Prayer Books are now on at astonishing low prices. Hundreds of other great drives to be had all over the store:

500 Bibles, gilt edge, with Psalms and paraphrases, 25c each.
500 Morocco Bound Bibles, with Psalms and paraphrases, 35c, worth 60c.
250 Morocco Leather Bibles, yapped edge, pearl type, 50c.
100 Reference Bibles, morocco, containing maps, Psalms and paraphrases, 80c, reg. \$1.50.
100 Teachers' Bibles, yapped, with latest concordance notes, etc., \$1.10, worth \$2.
2,000 Catholic Prayer Books and Church of England services, latest publications, at 20c, 25c, 35c and 50c, worth 50 per cent. more.

This is a VERY SPECIAL Book offering. Prices cannot be duplicated when this lot is sold.

120 pairs ladies' Dongola Oxford shoes, regular price \$1.25, special at 70c.
200 pairs ladies' Oxford shoes, hand-turned soles, regular price \$1.25, for 85c.
Children's oil goat button Boots, spring heels and tips, sizes, 7, 8, 9 and 10, special at 70c a pair.

Royal Dandelion Coffee, 25c lb.
English Mustard, 5c tin, or 6 for 25c.
Epp's Cocoa, 9c pack, or 3 for 25c.
Compressed Beef, 2 tins for 25c.

Crosse & Blackwell's marmalade, 15c jar.
11 pieces fine Black Dress Serge, 50 inches wide, good value for 75c, will sell at 50c.

42-inch Fall Costume Cloths, neat fancy designs, navy, brown, black, gray and fawn, special at 35c yard.

Fancy Tweed Suitings, 25c per yard.
50 pieces Black Silk Laces, 6 and 7 inches wide, worth 20c and 25c, for 9c.

28 pieces 9-inch Irish Point Lace, in cream and butter, regular 15c, for 5c.

Black silk and satin Ribbons are away up, in price in the foreign markets, and we'll have to pay more later on. But here are two cases just in at the old price, specials at 8c, 10c, 15c and 20c yard.

200 farcy work center pieces 10c and 15c, reg. 25c and 35c.
Bedroom slipper soles, 20c pair.

170 doz. ladies' fine black hose, fancy tops, the last shipment made a good impression at 25c, this lot goes at 19c pair.

100 doz. ladies' black cashmere hose, all sizes, reg. 35c or three pairs for \$1.

Closing out parasols; summer kind were \$1 to \$1.25 for 50c, and were \$1.25 to \$2.25 for 80c.

2,500 toothpicks for 6c.
Beef, iron and wine 40c.

Burdock's Blood Bitters 65c.
Babies' feeders, reg. 25c, or 15c each.

30 pieces belting canvas 3c yard.
Sterling silver rings 10c, reg. 25c.

New Hussar braids, black and colored, 3c per yard.

100 doz. ladies' long sleeve, soft finish Merino Vests, 2 for 25c.

100 doz. ladies' long sleeve shaped Vests, very special, 25c.

200 pairs Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, last lot sold at \$1.40; this is a special purchase and they go at 95c a pair.

Art Silks, 35c per yard, regular 65c.
300 large size White Quilts, a Manchester drive, out they go at 75c each.

Men's Summer Socks, 4 pairs for 25c.
Men's Umbrella, regular \$1.50, for 75c.

60 doz. New York long-waist Corsets, 6 clasps, regular 90c line, for 50c.

High bust waists, perfect shape, \$1, regular \$1.25.

Corded Corsets, large sizes, 25c.

Ladies' Flannelette Drawers, made from English cloth, 25c pair.

200 Two Quart Covered Pails 5c each.

Quart Fruit Sealers, 65c doz.

20-inch Crystal Lamp, complete, 25c.

Solid Leather Club Bags, regular \$1, for 50c.

Black Flowers for mourning, lower than half prices, 5c, 10c and 15c.

Fine straw plaques 5c each.

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COR. YONGE STREET.

Henry Sproatt, of the firm of Darling, Sproatt & Pearson, architect.

BURGESS—MAY—Aug. 21, John A. Burgess to Annie O. May.

SINCLAIR—MAYNE—Bellevue, Aug. 8, Charles Sinclair to Gertrude Mayne.

GODDARD—O'BRIEN—Aug. 20, B. J. Goddard to Annie O'Brien.

LEARY—BALLAH—Aug. 14, Joseph Leary to Sophia Ballah.

Deaths.

TOMLINSON—August 17, Mary Lillian Tomlinson.

MILLER—August 15, Helen Miller, aged 65.

TIDY—August 18, Stephen Tidy, aged 73.

HEWITT—August 18, John Hewitt, aged 82.

GRADWICK—August 19, James Gradwick, aged 77.

JOHNSTON—August 21, Joseph M. Johnston, aged 22.

SHAW—August 20, U. A. Evelyn W. Shaw.

ST. CLAIR—August 20, James St. Clair, aged 60.

WILLIE—August 19, E. A. Beth Willie, an infant.

DR. G. L. BALL

Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 2138. Hours, 9-5 p.m.

Residence, 54 Bedford Road. Tel. 4-67. Hours, 5-10 p.m.